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NEW STATESMAN

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NOTES

They plan to gas us

Duncan Campbell writes: Remarkable evidence of secret plans to suppress dissent, in the event of war or crisis, by military force have emerged during researches for a documentary on civil defence. The programme, Southern TV's *People Rule,* is being shown this week.

The evidence relates to the last biennial 'Home Defence' exercise code-named *Scrum Half,* which was held in October 1978. The next such exercise of the home defence system and its secret bunkers will take place during the massive NATO exercise this autumn, *Crusader.*

Three days after the start of the exercise, an official military message (shown on TV this week) demonstrates that CS gas was issued on a vast scale to every platoon-scale sub-unit engaged in the exercise. The exact text of the message, sent from South Eastern District Army Headquarters to military teams at all of the region's bunkers, was:

> Scale of CS gas authorised for any type of subunit is cannisters 150, CMM grenades 150, riot guns 25. Arrangements being made for issue asap to stage 2 CGR coys and for stocks (to be) available to all other subunits.

The message was dated 13 October 1978, just three days after the exercise had begun. The scale of implied (but imaginary) CG gas use suggests that the authorities anticipate using troops and weapons like CS on a considerable scale to control refugee and evacuee movement, and to suppress dissent.

From Aldershot, the message went to two underground Sub-Regional Headquarters, each responsible for half of the South East Region. These were No. 61, under a police HQ in Guildford, and No. 62, below the Civil Service Commission in Basingstoke. The message was also distributed to County Council War Headquarters for Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Hampshire.

Undimmed morale among refugees at SWAPO camp

Christopher Hitchens writes from Luanda: As South African soldiers prepare to withdraw behind a thick smokescreen of threats, claims and ultimatums, Angola is counting the cost of a 'limited war'. Neither the MPLA High Command nor the SWAPO headquarters have any wish to minimise the gravity of the position, but hard information is still difficult to come by. What seems clear is that Botha's troops succeeded in demolishing some Namibian camps, and in levelling Angolan villages suspected of harbouring SWAPO guerrillas. In an interview with the Voice of America, the South African commander General Geldenhuys said that he had been impressed by the resilience and morale of the SWAPO resistance forces. His claim to have disrupted the SWAPO command Namibian fighters, should be viewed in this light.

I had the opportunity to visit a SWAPO refugee camp and to talk in Luanda with the SWAPO political leadership here. In both cases I found that there was a general willingness to face brutal facts and admit shortcomings. There is little doubt that South Africa enjoys the incomparable advantage of being able to pick and choose its targets and its timing. Notoriously it also enjoys absolute technological superiority. Nevertheless, and despite its ability to ferry away casualties in helicopters, it admits to several dozen dead and, by implication, a significant number of wounded.

It is impossible to say what the apartheid forces left behind them in terms of arms dumps and even 'sleepers' for the anti-MPLA tribal forces in the south. But they certainly hope to open a rift between SWAPO forces and the local population, who now face, yet again, the heartbreaking task of building up their homes, schools and farms for the third or even fourth time.

SWAPO's political leaders here take the view that South Africa has been really scared by the result of the Zimbabwe election, and that this latest assault is a sign of desperation rather than superiority. This relatively sophisticated analysis is qualified by their knowledge that South Africa is clearing villages and population along the border between Namibia and Angola, thus creating a sort of free fire zone which could both pre-empt internationally sponsored elections (allowing for the return of refugees) and also inhibit SWAPO activity in the meantime.

It's always possible to be emotionally misled by this sort of thing, but in the SWAPO camp which I saw (still admitting new refugees by the truckload from further south) there appeared to be undimmed morale. In part, this is the result of news from South Africa itself: each new story of revolt and disorder is being studied and discussed with extreme care. There is also the comforting knowledge that every other such struggle has succeeded in the long run. Yet behind this there is also the understanding, as I was told by Moses Garoeb, SWAPO's administrative secretary, that Zimbabwe has hardened up the enemy; that the revolution has revolutionised the counter-revolution. Nobody expects any real concessions any more, and the antics of the 'Western Five' on the Security Council, so much trumpeted abroad a few years ago, are now regarded with a quiet contempt.

What the South Africans have done once they can do again. Even if this promised present withdrawal does turn out to be genuine, Angola has been served notice that its Namibian neighbour is going to be a long time coming to independence. So perhaps it is fortunate that the slogan of 'long struggle' is one which Angolan babies take in with their mother's milk.

No earthquakes in Dublin

Carol Coulter writes: For the third time in recent years the Southern Irish courts have been asked to set aside a piece of legislation. After the McGee case, where the laws against the sale and advertisement of contraceptives were successfully challenged in the High Court, and the Murphy case, where the extra taxation of married couples was ruled by the Supreme Court to be unconstitutional, last week has seen the Norris case, where a 36-year old lecturer has sought to have set aside on constitutional grounds the laws prohibiting male homosexual activity. These allow sentences of up to eight years' penal servitude to be imposed for acts of 'gross indecency' between men. From 1975 (the first year for which there are statistics) to 1978 there have been 78 prosecutions, leading to 20 convictions.

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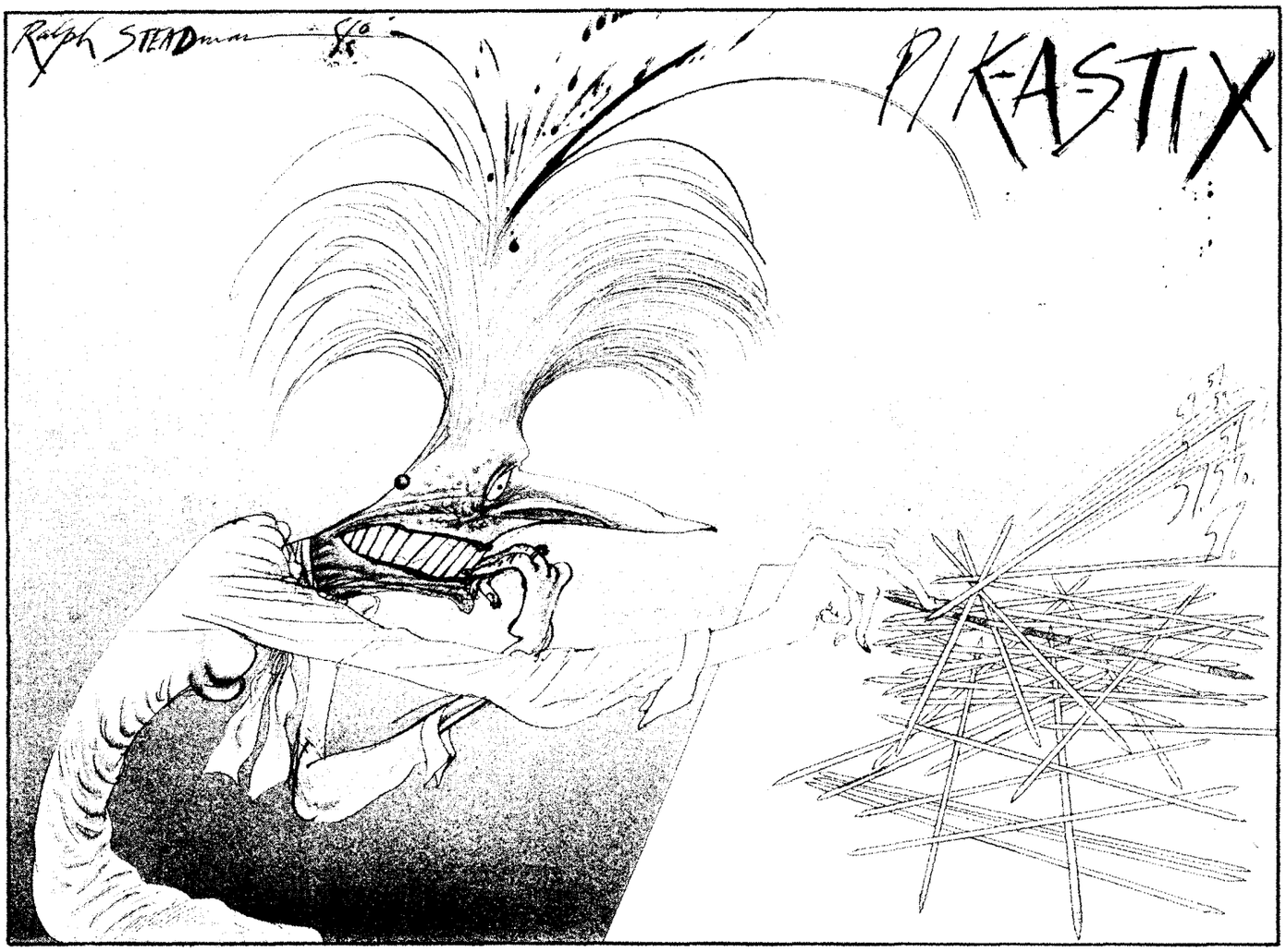

David Norris, a lecturer in English in Trinity College Dublin, is founder and chairman of the National Gay Federation. His case against the Attorney General rests on the provisions in the Irish Constitution which guarantee equality before the law and the right to privacy. The right to marital privacy was one of the factors which won the McGee case, and David Norris sought its extension to cover other relationships between adults expressed in privacy. He also claimed discrimination against his right to freedom of expression.

Mr Norris called an array of expert witnesses never seen before in an Irish court. They included Rose Robertson of Parents' Enquiry, two Catholic theologians, Dr Joseph O'Leary and Dr Micheal McGreil S.J., D. J. West, Professor of Criminology at Cambridge, the Chief Psychiatrist with Ireland's Eastern Health Board, Dr Ivor Browne, and Professor John Spiegel, former President of the American Psychiatric Association. The latter was so impressed with Mr Norris's work, particularly the social centre he runs for homosexual men and women in central Dublin, that he said he would like to contribute to the costs of the case, by paying his own fare to Ireland.

The state, by contrast, was unable to produce any witnesses. It simply claimed that homosexual behaviour was against the interests of public health and welfare; that it was an offence against religion, which the Irish constitution protected; and that it was a threat to the institutions of marriage and the family, also protected by the constitution.

The case was not without its lighter moments. In cross examining David Norris, Mr R. J. O'Hanlon, Senior Counsel for the state, asked him whether he was aware that the Roman Emperor Justinian had favoured the death penalty for these acts. David Norris replied that he was very well aware of this. But, he added, the Emperor Justinian was quite justified according to his lights; after all, his soothsayers had informed him that such acts were the cause of earthquakes.

Judgment was reserved and it is unlikely that it will be delivered until the autumn. The absence of state witnesses suggests that the state would prefer to allow David Norris to win than to face him in the European Court of Human Rights, which has already ruled against identical legislation in the North of Ireland.

H Block row could erupt

Brian Trench writes: The decision this week by the Provisional IRA to support the hunger strike of one of the prisoners in Long Kesh may bring the whole H Block affair back to the front of the political stage.

Martin Meehan, one of Belfast's best-known Republicans, has been on hunger strike in Long Kesh since 18 May and is reported to be weakening. The Northern Ireland Office, claiming no serious deterioration in his health, has refused his wife, Breega's, requests that he be hospitalised and that the family doctor be allowed to see him. In early April, Meehan started a 12 year sentence for kidnapping. He joined the 340 Republicans in H Block 3, 4 and 5 campaigning for political status in their 'blanket' and 'no-wash' protest. Six weeks later, he started his hunger strike to draw attention to the manner in which he had been convicted. The sole evidence against him was that of an admitted police informer; Meehan claims it was perjured and Justice Gibson acknowledged in the no-jury trial that the evidence was 'of poor quality'.

Meehan quit the 'blanket protest' apparently in an attempt not to have his protest confused with that of other prisoners. The Provisional Republican Movement which has been holding the other prisoners back from a hunger strike, attempted privately to dissuade Meehan and virtually ignored him publicly. This week, however, they have committed themselves to campaign on his behalf, staging a demonstration in Belfast on Wednesday.

Meehan's case was one of those highlighted in a lobby of last week's annual conference of the Irish Congress of Trades Unions in Belfast. Meehan is a former docker and building worker and member of the Irish Transport and General Worker's Union. The conference lobby by Belfast and Dublin trades unionists was held in support of a resolution from Waterford Trades Council urging a trades union inquiry into conditions in the H Block.

Although the lobby and the resolution sparked bitter debate in many delegations, the issue was not discussed on the conference floor. The ICTU executive and in particular its Northern Ireland Committee are at pains to avoid taking any political position in the North which might, as they see it, disrupt the fragile unity of the movement. However, nearly 150 delegates, including national and local officials, signed a petition stating that the protesting prisoners' five demands were in line with previously decided ICTU policy on prison conditons.

The Home Policy Committee of the Labour Party, chaired by Tony Benn, has adopted a resolution on conditions in Long Kesh which in some respects goes further than the prisoners' demands. But the recent interest in Northern Irish prison affairs within the Labour Party has simply earned for its delegations to the Six Counties the accusation from trades union leaders there that the Party is 'dragging them into the H-Block issue'. If Meehan's protest and possible death precipitate an escalation of the prisoners' campaign, not even the trades unions in Northern Ireland will be able to avoid the effects.

The Sombrero plotters

Due to a printer's error, an item in the NS entitled 'The Sombrero Plotters' (27 June) unintentionally gave the impression that Michael Manley's party is responsible for the current wave of violence in Jamaica. The penultimate sentence in the first paragraph should have read: 'Manley's People's National Party appears to have improved its position, with the right-wing Jamaica Labour Party fearing that victory is slipping from its grasp.'

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BROADCASTING
Chris Mullin

The BBC has been helping the Thai royal family with its public relations

Carefree, relaxed propaganda

IN FEBRUARY this year five Labour MPs wrote to the Director General of the BBC, Mr Ian Trethowan, strongly criticising a three-hour documentary on the Thai royal family shown on BBC2 the previous month. The MPs wrote: 'Most of this programme took the form of a shameless panegyric to the Thai royal family who for most of the last 40 years have presided over a series of military dictatorships at least as venal as any in Asia. We believe this programme provided a wilfully distorted picture of life in Thailand and seriously flouted the BBC commitment to fairness and balance.' The letter went on to offer detailed criticism of the programme and concluded by asking three questions: 'How was this film financed and whose idea was it in the first place? How was the access to the Thai royal family achieved and on what terms? Besides Britain, where else is this film being distributed?'

Today, five months later and despite repeated reminders by letter and telephone, the MPs are still waiting for a reply. In the meantime, however, it has become clear that the BBC has good reason to be profoundly embarrassed by the film.

The MPs' letter was first acknowledged on 12 February by Mr Neville Wareham, Chief Assistant to the Director General. Mr Wareham wrote: 'A reply to the various points that you raise is being prepared and you will be hearing from the Director General as soon as possible'. When no reply had been received by April one of the MPs, Ms Joan Maynard, wrote again. She received a letter from Mr Wareham on 28 April promising a full reply within 'a few days'. Meanwhile another of the MPs, Mr Stan Newens, who had written separately in February to ask for a transcript of the programme, received a copy in May with a note from the Director General attributing the delay to 'limited resources'. In fact, copies of the transcript were circulating in the BBC almost immediately. I was able to obtain a copy from sources in the BBC a few days after the programme was broadcast.

In May, having heard no more of the promised reply, Ms Maynard's secretary rang Mr Wareham. This time she found him evasive. His previous promises of a reply were not repeated. Instead he offered her a copy of the transcript which Ms Maynard had not asked for in the first place.

By now it seems clear that the BBC have no intention of replying and are simply keeping quiet in the hope that the MPs will eventually lose interest. The reason why the normally smug BBC is being so coy is not hard to discover. The film was the brainchild of Bridget Winter — a director who has at one time or another been employed by many BBC departments. The story began two years ago when she went on holiday to Thailand, fell in love with the country, got herself introduced to the Thai royals and persuaded BBC Enterprises — which is responsible for selling films abroad — to put £100,000 into the project.

The film was to be made by the Current Affairs Department of the BBC who provided Ms Winter with the services of one of their reporters, a very capable journalist called David Lomax. From the start the enterprise was dogged by appalling rows. Ms Winter's admiration for the Thai royals knew no bounds, but Mr Lomax adopted a somewhat more inquiring attitude. Ms Winter was very irritated by having a journalist on the film and she moved heaven and earth to have Lomax sent back to London. Eventually the feuding got so bad that the Head of Current Affairs, John Gow, decided to pull out of the project. This should have been the end of the affair, but the redoubtable Ms Winter found the resources to carry on by herself. Using the poet Leo Aylen as narrator she compiled a commentary which contrasts sharply with the fairly rigorous questioning of the Thai King by David Lomax.

In his commentary Aylen told viewers that Thais enjoyed 'carefree, relaxed independence'; the Queen's assertion that the Thai army was universally loved 'because they look after the welfare of the people' was allowed to pass unchallenged despite the massive public demonstrations which, in 1973, led to the downfall of the military government of that time. A picture was painted of Thailand as 'one of the few countries in the world still in touch with its past whose ancient traditions can be fruitfully adapted to the pressing needs of today'. A cursory glance round Bangkok would suggest that there are few countries whose culture has been more comprehensively destroyed by foreign influence.

The threat to the present order in Thailand was represented as coming from 'Communist imperialism'. In the three-hour documentary, not a single Thai was interviewed who was opposed to the existing order. In his commentary, Mr Aylen asked:

> 'Will all this soon be smashed to rubble? Will the purity, wisdom and peace be trampled out of existence by communist slogan chanters who murder not only anyone who does not agree with them but also anyone who possesses brains or talent to excite their envy?'

In their letter to the Director-General the MPs wrote: 'We find "purity, wisdom and peace" an extraordinary description of a country which possibly has more prostitutes per head of population than any other in the world; where child labour exists on an enormous scale and which for at least the last 20 years has been the scene of substantial indigenous uprisings in the North, North-East and South.'

The MPs added: 'No doubt there is a thriving business to be had from doing "snow jobs" on military dictatorships and we were wondering if the BBC is planning to make a habit of making such films'. One of those involved in making the film comments: 'It was an episode I would be prepared to forget'. So apparently would the BBC.

Andrew Jennings

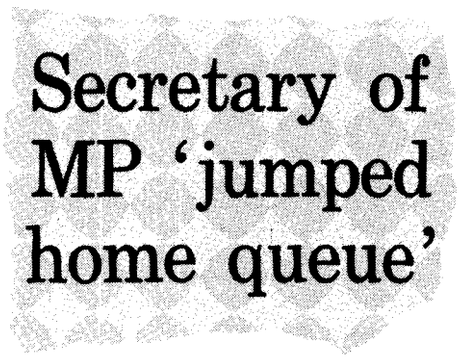
Daily Mail in fake story cover-up

THIS MONDAY the front page of the *Daily Mail* told its readers of the MP's secretary who 'jumped the home queue'. The piece began:

> The secretary of the Labour MP who had alleged a housing fraud cover-up in London was yesterday accused of jumping a queue of homeless to get a council flat. An investigation will begin this week into reasons why 28-year-old Diane McAddey was given a ground-floor flat in the Labour-controlled borough of Lambeth after arriving in the area from Manchester to work for Bootle MP Allan Roberts.

The story went on to report the views of Lambeth's Tory leader, who thought it 'scandalous' that a 'single girl from another city' should gain preference over the homeless of London, Miss McAddey's denials that any strings had been pulled were printed, along with her explantion that she had 'merely phoned the GLC, filled in a form and said that I would be coming to London with nowhere to live.' As the story turned on to the second page there was fulsome account of the house in which she lived, together with a photograph, and a reminder of Mr Robert's accusations in the House of Commons last week of fraud in the GLC housing department. What the *Mail* story lacked was any explanation — other than that given by Miss McAddey herself — *how* she got the flat, even though this was explained to the *Mail* reporter on several occasions and even though the paper had two days in which to check the story with the housing authority — the Tory controlled Greater London Council, not Labour controlled Lambeth.

It was only 24 hours after Roberts had been on his feet in the House of Commons that the *Mail's* John Hampshire was doorstepping the South London flat of Diane McAddey. He put to her what he claimed was an anonymous tip given to the *Mail* news desk: that when she came to London last year to work for



Roberts 'she had jumped the 17,000 queue' in Lambeth to obtain her council flat. This Hampshire was keen to link to Labours's control of Lambeth. Throughout the weekend Miss McAddey and Roberts laboriously explained to Hampshire how thousands of other people have and still are able, in certain circumstances, to get possession of local authority owned properties in London at short notice.

As a GLC spokesman told the *Evening Standard* — the competitor of the *Daily Mail*'s stablemate the *Evening News* — the GLC flat had nothing to do with Lambeth, had been turned down by six would-be tenants and then stood empty for 18 months, losing the GLC nearly £1,000 in rent. In accordance with the GLC's policy on 'hard to let' properties it had been widely advertised under their 'one offer only' scheme whereby homeseekers can get keys across the counter without any list. If they decline the first offer, they do not get a second.

This, as Hampshire was told, was manna to Miss McAddey who has since spent considerable sums renovating and redecorating the flat. The *Mail* had a whole weekend to check this explanation which, of course, meant there was no story. However, after both Miss McAddey's parent in Eccles and the 'queue jumper' herself refused to give the *Mail* photographs, the *Mail* cameraman, trespassing on her porch took a photo anyway, of Miss McAddey peeping round her front door and printed this six inches high on their front page.

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BUSINESS
John Drury

Former Minister's company may get £¼ million from public funds

Diving school's managers in deep water

THERE ARE STILL many unresolved questions surrounding the affair of the underwater training centre near Fort William — a diving school financed by the government and run at private profit by a fringe bank which is managed by (among others) former Conservative Energy Minister, Mr Peter Emery.

It now appears that, contrary to statements made to the Public Accounts Committee, which investigated the deal, Emery's Labour successor was not consulted on the decision to award the management contract to Emery. And as a result of changes in the corporate structure of the companies operating the centre, it appears that any decision by the government not to renew the contract could cost the taxpayer more than £250,000.

Mr Emery joined the small, recently formed private bank, Shenley Trust in 1974, shortly after being deposed from office by Labour's February election victory. He was in charge of the corporate industrial finance division and one of his first successes was to secure a five-year contract to set up and manage an underwater training centre at Loche Linnhe, near Fort William in Scotland.

In November last year Parliament's Public Accounts Committee took what appears to be a rather superficial look at the awarding of the contract. Their recently published report shows they were far from happy — although it begs more questions than it answers. Balance books provided by the MSC pointed to a 70 per cent profit for Shenley Trust for managing the centre — a profit margin described as 'exceptionally high' by the Committee. In 1976 after the collapse of the Shenley Trust bank, Mr Emery formed a new private company, Shenley Trust Services, to take over the running of the centre. The books show not only that the profit margin was being maintained, but also that Mr Emery received an annual Chairman's emolument of £12,000. Not all of this was for his work with the centre, however: the company did have other interests. Mr Emery strenously denies that his company makes a 70 per cent profit from the centre.

It was revealed, too, that both the centre's capital costs and most of the fees for diver training were paid by the Exchequer. The Public Accounts Committee said the decision to fund the centre this way was mistaken; the contractual arrangements agreed by the MSC were 'unsatisfactory'.

LABOUR MP Mr John Prescott, who is not on the Public Accounts Committee but was in 1974 a leading campaigner for a training centre, regards all these criticisms as gross understatements. When he first learned of Mr Emery's scheme to use a small private bank to run a publicly funded diving school, he was, he says, so appalled that he went to Mr Emery's Labour successor, Mr Harold Walker, to protest at the award of the contract.

Mr Walker said then, and says now, that he did not make the decision — a comment which might interest the Public Accounts Committee, who were told by an MSC official that it was inconceivable to him that civil servants could make such an important decision alone. The Minister suggested to Mr Prescott that he should go to see the man responsible for awarding the contract, the then Deputy Chairman

Peter Emery, Conservative MP for Honiton and former Energy Minister, is at the centre of the row about the underwater training centre at Loch Linnhe. Mr Emery is Chairman of the company which runs the centre.

of the Manpower Services Commission, Mr Duncan Dewdney, a former Esso employee. A meeting was arranged and Mr Prescott says he asked Mr Dewdney how a private bank without any proven track record could have been given preference over one of its two rivals for the contract — the Underwater Engineering Group (UEG) which specialised in underwater work and at that time, through a subsidiary called Underwater Engineering Trials Ltd, owned most of the assets upon which the training centre was eventually based. This was a question echoed by the members of the Public Accounts Committee and one which they might well be forced to ask again.

One aspect the Committee may look at is the sequence in which the proposals of the three interested parties were presented in 1974 to an inter-departmental underwater training task group. It seems that informal proposals were submitted by Dundee University and UEG as early as April of that year. Their firm tenders were on civil service desks by July. On 18 July Mr Harold Walker sent a memo to senior officials in his Department expressing his support for the setting up of a diving school run by the Petroleum Industry Training Board — which would levy the major oil companies to fund the schools' capital costs and pay divers' fees. This view was either rejected or ignored.

Come September, it seems the task group still had only two tenders to consider, but at the eleventh hour Shenley Trust submitted a third. Evidence given to Public Accounts by the MSC reveals why Shenley won the day.

> It appeared to be the most attractive because it had knowledge of project management, it had financial experience of projects and it revealed an understanding of the problem which faced it at the time . . .

This despite the fact that Shenley Trust had been set up only a year before by a Mr Peter Hutley, as a minor private bank without an industrial and commercial section.

THE UNDERWATER Engineering Group might be forgiven for regarding the MSC's reasoning as curious. After all, according to one of their (UEG's) officials, Shenley's actual operation at the centre differs only in the slightest details from UEG's own proposals which had been sitting in Whitehall for nearly six months before the Shenley tender arrived. Prudence prevents UEG from commenting on the process by which Shenley apparently came up with almost the same strategy for running an underwater training centre. Mr Prescott believes a much closer examination of the original tenders might still prove a useful exercise for the Public Accounts Committee.

What really concerns the Labour MP, however, is the future of the training centre, which for a number of reasons appears to be in doubt. In 1979, it had accumulated a deficit of £300,000 — underwritten by Government money. The MSC is acutely embarrassed by its failure to get the oil companies instead of the Exchequer, to foot the bill. Now it wants to avoid putting any more public money into the project. There is another skeleton in the closet which is also increasing the pressure on the MSC: when UEG lost the fight for the contract it decided to cut its losses and sell the main assets of its subsidiary equipment company to Shenley. A new company then came to life called Underwater Trials Limited of which Mr Emery was one of the directors. (Eventually a large number of shares in that company were acquired by the family of Mr Peter Hutley — the former Chairman of Shenley Trust — although this was after the collapse of the Trust. Mr Hutley now lives in Switzerland).

A 25-year contract was drawn up between Shenley Trust Services Ltd and Underwater Trials Ltd, making the latter the effective landlord of the training centre. 'Trials' owned the pier at Loch Linnhe, the land on which the centre was built, and the tugs and cranes used to transport divers; it also provided people to operate the tugs and cranes. The arrangement was that Shenley would, as managers of the centre, pay Trials for rents, rates and services, and these costs would be refunded by the MSC to Emery's management company under the terms of the five-year contract originally awarded to Shenley.

The MSC says the details of the contract are confidential, but according to various sources — including Mr Prescott — there is a clause in the contract which allows for compensation to be paid in lieu of rent etc, if the assets and services owned by Underwater Trials are no longer needed by the training centre. The sum which would have to be paid, should the contract with Trials be broken, is reputed to be £95,000 a year for three years. Mr Prescott says this figure has been confirmed in a conversation with Mr Peter Haxby, the Chairman of the training centre's Advisory Board, which is the MSC's watchdog. So it seems that if the centre folds, Underwater Trials will have to be paid off ultimately out of public funds — as part of the 'attributable costs' allowed for by civil servants in the training centre contract.

Shenley's contract to run the centre expired at the beginning of the year and it is now managing it on temporary four-month contracts. The government has not yet made a firm decision on the future of the centre and now, to add to Mr Prescott's and the diving fraternity's fears for its future, there are strong rumours that Underwater Trials is about to change hands.

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Immigration policy and the police state

Before dawn there was a hammering on the door. When one of the children opened it, the police moved in like stormtroopers, ransacking the house. The eldest son was handcuffed and dragged into a police van, as were his two brothers. They were told they were being arrested for stealing. According to the eldest boy, he was pushed up against the cell wall and told that unless he confessed everything his blood would be spattered against that wall. He was forced on to his hands and knees and kicked and punched. Finally he was told that he was not there for stealing at all.

This is not the arrest of a dissident in Chile or Czechoslovakia but the treatment of a black family in Hackney, in the East End of London. One must be careful of the use of the phrase 'police state', but one cannot ignore the fact that many black people today consider Britain to be one. A low intensity police state, to be sure, but one which possesses all the necessary features. In a police state people can be seized by the police (or other forces) at any time, for any reason or no reason, because they belong to a particular racial or religious group or because they are suspected of belonging to some political party. Homes can be invaded and a knock on the door may come at any time of day or night. People can vanish, with their families left unaware of what is happening to them. Finally, in a police state there is no redress against the security forces: the same authority that arrests you tries you (if there is a trial), sentences you and carries out the sentence. All these conditions, AMRIT WILSON argues, are fulfilled in the Britain of the Eighties.

IN BRITAIN it is now quite normal for police and immigration officers to raid factories, warehouses and blocks of flats, take away every black person they can find and hold them for days without trial. All this is justified by using the magic phrase 'illegal immigrants'.

On Friday 20 June, the Main gas cooker factory in Edmonton was surrounded by police and immigration officers with dogs. Twenty-eight black workers, mainly Ghanaians, were taken away; by the following Tuesday only five had been released.

Just over a month before the Edmonton raid, there was another massive passport raid also in North London. On that occasion 50 immigration and police officers with dogs raided the Bestways cash and carry store in Willesden. All the employees were forced into a small room and interrogated. Passports were demanded and about 25 people, including one customer, were pushed into police vans and taken to Kilburn police station. The owners and staff of Bestways are, of course, black (in this case Asian). They were searched, locked up in cells and interrogated until late evening. Some were taken to their homes to check their passports and then taken back to the police station, where they were held for several hours more for no apparent reason.

At the same time eight Bestways shops all over London were raided and there, according to Bestways director Mohammed Yunus Sheikh, 'police behaviour was even worse. They were abusive, they rounded up customers, staff and partners'. The Earls Court Road shop was closed down and an employee's flat above it forced open. Even people who happened to have their passports with them and could prove their legal status were forced into police vans and taken to Kensington police station.

Among those taken from the Kensington branch was Mohammed Amin, a young Pakistani who had been stopped last July on his way home from work in the same supermarket. That time, after he had been told that it was a 'routine check', he had been taken to Kilburn police station, where he was interrogated and, he claims, punched in the stomach and told again and again to 'confess' that he was older than he had said he was. On that occasion, after three hours of questioning, 20 policemen had raided the house Mohammed Amin lived in, searching it thoroughly and eventually taking six people to Kilburn police station, among them another director of Bestways. In the end everyone was released without any charges being made, but also without any apology.

Mohammed Yunus Sheikh of Bestways told me: 'Really the trouble had been going on for the past five years, it is just that it has got worse and worse. We reported three major burglaries at the shops to the police but each time nothing further was heard from them. In addition, two of the directors have had their homes burgled, and the police response was identical in both cases — the first thing they did when they arrived was to demand passports. Now we have learned that there is no way we can ignore this harassment. In this country even if you don't want to make trouble, trouble comes and finds you.'

Yunus Sheikh's opinion would be shared by most other black people in Britain, even though their actual experiences of 'trouble' vary. Black youths standing at a bus-stop can be picked up on 'sus' and imprisoned; black women going to hospital can be denied treatment if they fail to show their passports; and black families can be raided and then split up for ever by deportation, for which no explanation need be given.

The immigration law is being used as a pass law in more senses than one. Not only are passports now demanded on any pretext. (despite Timothy Raison's half-hearted assurances that they need not be shown) but also, like the South African pass law, the immigration law itself ensures that you can be found guilty of some crime or other if the police and immigration officers don't like the look of you. The 1971 Immigration Act holds you guilty unless you can prove otherwise, and makes the prosecutor (the Home Office) judge and jury in your case too; under the Act a suspected illegal immigrant has no recourse to the courts in Britain and can be imprisoned and deported on the decision of a Home Office official. Last year alone 1035 people were held in prison for periods of up to seven months before being deported. The Illegal Immigration Intelligence Unit, which collects information on people with no criminal record, has details of about 15,700 'suspected illegal immigrants'. The 1971 Immigration Act allows immigration officers to operate not only at the ports of entry but anywhere in the country, to raid people's homes at any time without a warrant, to take decisions about people's status and their 'intentions'. As though these powers were not enough, earlier this year the Home Office announced that the police would have an increased involvement in immigration cases (indicating perhaps that more raids like Bestways are planned). In the present political climate, however, this increased police involvement has a more general significance. It spells out what black organisations have been saying for some time: that immigration policy is no longer simply about keeping black people out of Britain, it is about the systematic intimidation and harassment of black people settled here. The day after last years' riot in Southall, police with dogs were hammering on people's doors and demanding passports. If the Royal Commission on Criminal Procedure meets the police's demands for greater powers, on future similar occasions the police will also be able to fingerprint the whole community.

THE SINGLING OUT of black communities is nothing new. In the last year the Home Office's tactics seem to have been to choose particular parts of the country for its special attention. Just now one such area is that of Rochdale and Oldham, just north of Manchester; people's experiences there illustrate the level of suffering caused. For example Said Bibi, an eighty year old partially blind woman whose son lives in Rochdale, was sent back to Pakistan where she had no one to look after her (her appeal to the Home Office adjudicator against this decision has been lost); Anwar Ditta, a woman born in Rochdale, is prevented from having her young children with her in this country; Munir Ahmed from Oldham is facing deportation because he did not volunteer to immigration officers the information that he was married. The list goes on and on. It is a concerted attack and the resistance to it is growing through sustained campaigns around these and other cases.

Meanwhile the Immigration Act is also being used to try to pick off black activists. For example Saeed Rahman, a trade union organiser for the GMWU, whose status in this country had been confirmed in 1973, was arrested and accused of being an illegal immigrant in 1978 after he had led a successful strike. (He was released after a campaign organised by the Bradford Asian Youth Movement.)

A lot of this harassment also occurred under the last Labour government (the legal provision for it was there in the 1971 Immigration Act) but under the Tories it has been intensified, and previously dormant provisions of the Act have been brought into play. According to A. Sivanandan, the Director of the Institute of Race Relations, it represents more than just a quantitative change in the State's approach to racism. In the winter issue of the journal *Race and Class*, he argues that the function of racism 'in the earlier period when Britain needed labour was to rationalise and justify exploitation on the basis of colour. The func-

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UK oil self-sufficiency to end this year.

(New Statesman, 11 July 1990)

It's not a headline anyone wants to see, yet it could become reality in as little as 10 years. Today's known North Sea fields — the result of a decade and a half of investment — can't meet UK oil needs much beyond 1990. Such a shortfall would be bad news for British self-sufficiency.

The good news is that there's almost certainly a great deal more North Sea oil to be found — perhaps even as much as has been found so far. But nobody knows for certain.

And however much oil there is out there, will it be available in time? It took Britain 16 years to reach today's self-sufficiency. It will take most of this decade to bring on a second generation of fields.

In all probability, future fields will be smaller, in deeper water, and harder to develop than today's — with second-generation technology specially designed to cope with ever more rigorous conditions. Even now some of the oil already discovered in the North Sea defies all present technology: Mobil has a stake in a gigantic field west of Shetland that is a geological nightmare. Nobody has yet found a practical way to extract its oil.

The North Sea oil industry has already achieved the difficult; the impossible may take a little longer. The Government's recently-announced plan to release 90 more areas for North Sea exploration is a healthy start for the future. Government policy committed to continuing exploration and field development is essential. Because the next decade's headlines are being written today.

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tion of racism today when Britain no longer needs that labour and is anxious to be rid of it is to rationalise and justify repatriation'. This push to repatriation comes now not through legislation (though such legislation is on the way in the form of the new nationality law, which, according to the Green Paper, would deprive a large number of black people in Britain of the right to work or vote in Britain) but, more insidiously, by making life in this country unliveable for black people. The goal seems to be that Britain will get rid of the settled black population and move more firmly into a *gastarbeiter* system with powerless and dispensable units of labour which can be sent home when no longer required.

AS IMMIGRATION and race policies are changing, so are the functions of the welfare state for black people. The welfare bureaucracy is now taking on the surveillance of blacks and trying to exclude them from benefits. For example Leonis Pieter Low, a baby whose mother is from Hong Kong, and who was born in St Mary's Hospital in Paddington, was refused NHS treatment in the same hospital when severely ill with a blood disease a few weeks after birth. According to the hospital administrators the 'decision had been made after consulting the Department of Health and Social Security . . . there were no grounds on which to treat the baby'. In Perivale Maternity Hospital in Middlesex, Asian women who have been born in Britain and have lived here all their lives are being refused beds on the pretext that their husbands are abroad. In fact a new comprehensive circular regarding the eligibility of various categories of people 'from abroad' to use the NHS is being prepared by the Home Office and DHSS working together. In the meantime a circular has been sent out urging hospital doctors and administrative staff to watch out for patients they 'suspect' may be ineligible for hospital treatment. But how and why should they suspect people? Cathy Fagg, Deputy House Governor of St Stephens Hospital in Fulham, explained that it was 'just a matter of commonsense — whether we go on their being foreign, or their colour or whatever'.

What applies to the NHS is also true of Social Security offices, where the direct link with the Home Office was demonstrated with startling clarity in the case of Nasira Begum. Nasira, a Pakistani woman who is facing deportation simply because her husband has deserted her, explains that 'the police have been involved in my case all through. Even the Home Office notice of refusal to stay, which is normally posted, was in my case served by the police. I have lived constantly in fear of being arrested. But at the Supplementary Benefits Tribunal I learned that the police and immigration officers are not the only ones involved. The DHSS too are spying and acting for the Home Office. They told me they would be prepared to make payment if I was ready to leave the country. If I stayed and contested the case, as is my right, they would refuse benefit.' When Nasira's representative asked if the 'A' code (the secret instructions to DHSS officials) contained advice to withhold payment to someone the Home Office is trying to deport,and pointed out that if so this was against the law, he was told that in twenty years the Tribunal had never heard the 'A' code mentioned before. They had to pretend it did not exist.

If the surveillance by the welfare state, the incessant police harassment and the attacks on the black community all aim at repatriation, the most direct confirmation of it is what is going on at the ports of entry — not to new black immigrants but to returning residents, people who have spent half their lives in Britain. Sultan Mahmood's experiences are typical. He first came to Britain in 1956, owns a house in Oldham and has children and grandchildren born there. On 16 February this year he was stopped at Heathrow on his return from a visit to Pakistan and given only a six month visa for Britain, because immigration officers felt that he was not 'ordinarily resident' here. Later, after his case was taken up by his MP, Michael Meacher, the decision was revoked as an 'error'. Hundreds of such 'errors' are now being made and people tired after a long journey who don't realise what is happening and don't question them may well find themselves being deported in six months' time.

Questioning these decisions is not always enough, as the case of Shukar Mohammed shows. He came to Britain in 1961 to work in the textile mills. Now 55 years old and suffering from an acute form of Parkinson's disease, he too was given a six month visa on his return from Pakistan. The reason given was that he had made too many long trips to Pakistan. In his case the Home Office has refused to change its decision. Shukar Mohammed has appealed against it but no date has yet been set for the appeal. For him, says his son Azam Mohammed, deportation could mean death, since he is already very ill.

While the black communities in Oldham, Southall, Bristol, Brent and elsewhere face the familiar elements of a police state — arbitrary imprisonment and deportation, dawn raids and surveillance — the gentility of British liberalism makes it possible not to see that all this is happening, or at best to dismiss these occurrences as isolated incidents — nasty things which sometimes happen to black individuals. The unpleasant truth, however, is that they are now systematic.

John Torode

A programme for Greece

GREECE MUST HAVE an election within eighteen months, and it could come far sooner. Suddenly it is possible that the Greeks will have the first democratically elected socialist government in the history of the Eastern Mediterranean — if only the neo-Marxist socialist party, PASOK (given around 30 per cent of the vote by the latest opinion polls), and the die-hard Communists (up to 15 per cent) can agree on a common programme.

Constantine Karamanlis recently moved upstairs to the Greek presidency, leaving his long-time sidekick George Rallis to take over the premiership. There was some further shuffling, but the government is still pretty much the mixture as before. Shortly after Rallis took office I discussed PASOK's position with its leader, Andreas Papandreou, at his elegant family villa cum party headquarters in a quiet pine grove outside Athens. Papandreou is determined to break completely with NATO and take Greece into the non-aligned world. 'Greece has never been genuinely independent', he says. 'We have had nothing but bad experiences with Washington'. He blames America for the Junta, the partition of Cyprus and what he describes as the scandalous support for Turkey in the dispute over the Aegean. NATO, today, he dismisses as 'a hostile, suppressive, oppressive alliance'.

The lesson of Chile — where, as Papandreou sees it, the Allende government lost broad support thus making CIA destabilisation possible — looms large in his thinking. 'It is essential for us to have massive support from the lower middle class and the peasants', he says when taxed with the Communist criticism that PASOK is becoming all things to all men, wooing small businessmen and peasant farmers instead of concentrating on Greece's (small) industrial proletariat.

At the same time Papandreou hopes that America is now mature enough to accept a genuinely neutral Greece rather than unleash the colonels once again. 'The USA might just accept a non-aligned, non-hostile Greece rather than a hostile people living once again under an imposed dictatorship', he argues. 'Non-alignment is not an act of aggression against the USA and a new dictatorship would bring only very short term benefits to America'. He is also convinced that the colonels would not move against him independently of America — especially while the Turkish threat remains.

PASOK condemns what it labels, without equivocation, the 'invasion' of Afghanistan. But Papandreou insists that it is not a prelude to 'expansionist adventures' aimed against the Gulf or Iraq. And it should be seen in a Cold War context of neutron bombs, cruise missiles, the American military build-up in the area and the history of American interference in Iran. 'The Soviet Union is paying a high price for Afghanistan, especially in the Third World, and it will continue to do so unless there is direct American intervention'.

Having built up his popularity with bitter attacks on the EEC — feared by small farmers and businessmen as well as industrial workers — Papandreou is now trying to cool things. He insists that he is not anti-European. He merely wants to negotiate a special relationship with the EEC in place of the full membership planned by Karamanlis.

At home the centre piece of PASOK policy is the creation of 100 'huge, voluntary, self-managed cooperatives linked to revitalised local government and embracing light industry as well as agriculture'. It is, Papandreou says, a formula which could attract the lower middle classes, 'the 120,000 small businesses employing less than four people each', as well as the workers. Beyond that, PASOK activists are busy damping down expectations deliberately raised in recent years. 'There is not going to be much income redistribution during our transitional administration', the PASOK leader stresses. But workers will get index linked wage deals, there will be decent pensions for all and peasant farmers will be given basic product support prices.

Papandreou says that his central committee has not yet decided whom, if anybody, PASOK would link with after a hung election. 'We could insist on immediate new elections to resolve the matter', he says. 'Or we could search for a "minimal programme" agreed with another party. But we will not take office as a minority government without an agreed minimal programme. If we cannot deliver the goods we will not attempt to govern'.

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How long can we go on running the most cost-effective major railway in Europe?

COST EFFECTIVE?

No railway in Western Europe is *wholly* self-financing.

However, in Britain *71.2%* of our costs (based on 1977 data) are covered by fares and charges – the highest net contribution to the cost of running a major railway in Western Europe.

Only Sweden, with a relatively small rail network, has a higher self-financing ratio than our own.

A MARKETING ACHIEVEMENT

Here in Britain, where fares are comparatively high, more people are travelling by train than would be expected.

Passenger sales mileage in 1979 was the highest recorded in Britain since 1961, when the network was 30% bigger, and there were less than half as many cars on the road.

The reasons are varied, but, in part:

We have a more extensive range of alternative fares – Awayday; Weekend Return; Senior Citizen, Student and Family Railcards; and the rates vary between routes according to market conditions and quality.

No other railway has adopted market pricing to this extent.

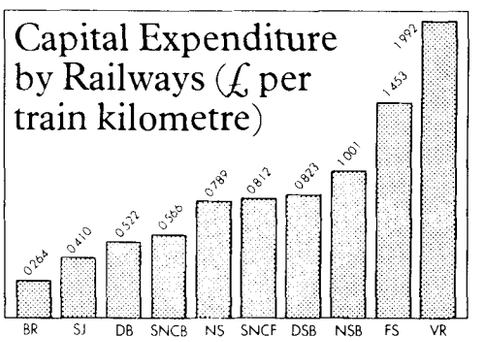
Our continued growth is, therefore, a measure of our commercial ingenuity.

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS

A recent study of European railways, based on 1977 data, showed that, apart from Sweden,* the relative contribution *our* community makes to the cost of rail travel is *the lowest.*

This level of contribution was pegged in 1975 and since then, in real terms, *it has declined.*

Most crucially, the level of investment – (see chart) that is, expenditure on renovation, replacement and improvement for the future – is *also* the lowest in Europe. The repercussions are obvious, as too many of our customers know.



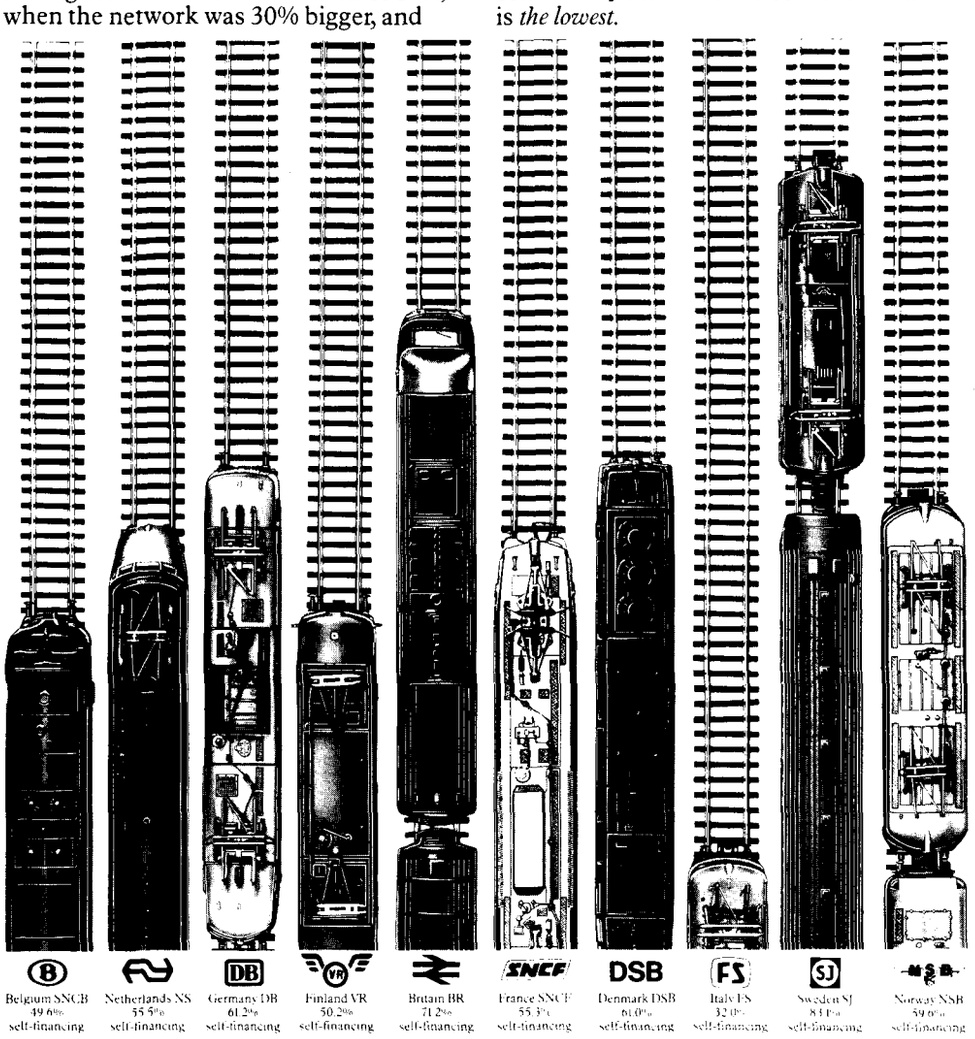
Unfortunately, today we are running the railway very hard just to stand still.

To replace worn out assets, our current investment levels need to be raised by 30%. Without this extra investment, the consequences will be severe.

THE TIME OF THE TRAIN HAS COME AGAIN

In a world beset by energy shortages, the prospects for the railways have never been brighter. It would be a pity if short-term problems were allowed to eclipse the prospects for rail.

With a far-sighted approach towards finance and investment, Britain can and will go on running the most cost-effective major railway in Europe for as long as the railways run.



**THE SWEDISH EXPERIENCE. Since the collection of data in 1977, the situation of the railways in Sweden has changed drastically. A massive injection of national funds has precipitated a reappraisal of investment plans and the fares structure. The experiment has really only just started but the first signs are that the railways have increased their relative importance in the transport network.*

This is one of a series of advertisements designed to increase public awareness of the position of the railways in the national transport system and also in the life of the community as a whole. While the facts and figures contained in these advertisements are known and appreciated by those directly concerned in shaping the future, an industry as much in the limelight as ours has a duty to address itself to a wider audience, which needs to be well informed if it is to play its part in helping to form public opinion.

This is the age of the train

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Back to the 19th Century

This week the House of Commons has been discussing the Government's proposals for Enterprise Zones under which selected inner-city areas would be turned into areas free of certain taxes, rate and planning controls. The idea is to create an environment in which entrepreneurs are keen to start up business and thus help revitalise British industry. But, as JAMES ANDERSON explains, the idea has its roots in a Tory doctrine that believes prosperity depends on recreating the conditions of British nineteenth century capitalism, or present day Korea. Labour councils are tumbling over themselves to become Enterprise Zones because, drawing on the writings of eminent Fabians and on other proposals, such as Freeports, the Tories have been able to present the idea as politically non-partisan. Anderson argues that it is nothing of the sort and that succeed or, more likely, fail, Enterprise Zones can be used to justify further attacks on state intervention, and health and safety, and employment protection legislation.

John Sturrock (Report)

De-industrialisation in Newcastle (NS Cover 1978): will enterprise zones make any difference?

WHEN SIR GEOFFREY Howe first floated his proposal 'Liberating Free Enterprise: A New Experiment' in 1978, he expressed his enthusiasm for 19th century private enterprise, citing the way it had been able to house the newly urbanised working class. Subsequent decline was due to 'State interference'. From this rewriting of history — the state started 'interfering', after all, precisely because appalling housing conditions had demonstrated some of the inadequacies of laissez-faire private enterprises — he drew the simplistic moral that reversing the historical trend towards greater State involvement would bring economic success. He then reinforced this message with contemporary examples of countries with fast growth rates — 'those whose economic policies are still nearest our idea . . . Taiwan, South Korea, Hong Kong and Singapore'. As we saw recently with the insurrection in South Korea, many civilians in these countries do not share Sir Geoffrey's enthusiasm for their 'freedoms'.

His proposal for 'enterprise zones' included freeing entrepreneurs from detailed planning controls, health and safety regulations and employment protection legislation, and giving them exemptions from rates and other taxes. He expressed sympathy with those who thought these laissez-faire remedies should be applied immediately to the whole country but cautioned that 'in the present state of political argument' it was better to first use them to 'prime the pump of prosperity' in a few derelict areas *'to establish their potential for doing so elsewhere'* (emphasis added). Those who criticise Howe on the grounds that quite different policies are needed to solve the so-called 'inner city problem', while obviously correct, miss the point. Howe was quite explicit: 'enterprise zones' are *'not* based on consideration of regional policy (. . . an entirely distinct subject . . .)'.

Howe was no doubt aware that many of the derelict areas likely to become enterprise zones are under the management of Labour Councils, and that getting them to implement right-wing Tory policies would further weaken support for Labour alternatives based on public investment. He promised impatient Tories that when communities started queuing up for 'enterprise zone' status, 'We shall have gone a long way towards winning the debate'.

A number of factors, some associated with the Labour Party, paved the way for Howe's proposal. For instance, since the mid-1970s there had been pressure from some inner city areas for custom free zones, or 'freeports', to attract industrial investment. Secondly, by 1978 the 'small firms' bandwagon was gathering speed with help from the Labour Government, and it popularised an image of technological innovators being checked by red tape. In fact small firms are as likely to be under-capitalised sweatshops — but facts were not to stand in the way of this ideology that 'bureaucracy' and 'planning' were the obstacles to economic success.

Thirdly, Sir Geoffrey was able to present his proposal as 'more modest' than that of 'the distinguished Fabian, Professor Peter Hall'. The previous year, 1977, Professor Hall's 'Hong Kong Solution' — zones which were 'free of United Kingdom taxes, social services, industrial and other regulations' — had been widely publicised. Howe was perhaps being rather disingenuous in claiming that he and Hall had 'quite independently' come up with the idea of 'enterprise zones': perhaps he had missed the previous publicity. In actual fact Hall was involved in publicising a very similar idea as far back as 1969 when along with some other technocrats of 'leftish' hue he had argued that it would be 'thoroughly healthy to let laissez-faire rip' in selected areas in order to see what results ('Non Plan: An Experiment in Freedom', *New Society,* 20 March 1969). This of course was before it became 'respectable' to advocate Hong Kong as the quick answer to problems of 'freedom'. Rather than stemming from the sort of enthusiasm which Howe was later to express for Hong Kong's 'sweatshop' economy, their proposals reflected disillusionment with post-war British planning. However, instead of analysing the reasons why it is generally 'negative' and bureaucratic — and arguing for the resources and democratisation which would be required to make it more 'positive' — they attacked it with slogans which were to become more familiar as those of the Tory Right.

AFTER THIS YEAR's Budget Professor Hall publicly supported Howe's contention that 'enterprise zones' were not politically partisan, claiming 'political convergence in the thinking of both Left and Right' *(Observer* 30 March 1980). Unfortunately it is his 'left' which has done all the 'converging'. Sir Geoffrey shows no leanings towards Socialism, even on the most flexible interpretation of that much-abused concept.

It is of course true that Howe has been forced to drop, for the time being at least, his earlier proposals about lowering health and safety and employment protection legislation. The present incentives to investors mainly involve tax concessions and exemptions from rates and from detailed planning controls. But the earlier versions are a warning of where the present scheme could lead if the Tories get their way. Howe did say that Hall's 'Hong Kong Solution' was too 'dramatic . . . at this stage', but that was in 1978.

When the present version fails to make much real impact he might consider that the time had arrived for something tougher, particularly as resistance to a Hong Kong 'solution' could be more difficult once the zones

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Peter Hall (left) paved the way for Howe's Enterprise Zones

are established. The zones in themselves can make little impact on urban dereliction and unemployment, even if they succeed in attracting new investment. As one Newcastle businessman, reacting to the idea of enterprise zones, commented in Budget week: 'Vickers alone has announced 350 redundancies; to absorb just those people you would need 35 small firms. The government just wants to be seen to be doing something . . .' *(Sunday Times,* 30 March 1980).

In fact, for technical reasons it is by no means certain that the zones will attract much new investment. For instance, a surge in demand for space in the 500 acre zones could raise property prices and rents so as to cancel out the tax and rates concessions to industrialists, with only the property developer really benefiting. The experimental nature of the zones may frighten off pension fund investment (despite all the anti-planning ideology, planning means 'security' to large investors); and rather than stimulating new investment the zones may simply attract existing activity, perhaps shunting it around from equally needy adjacent areas thus further damaging them.

Strongly opposing the scheme before it became official Government policy in March, the Royal Town Planning Institute challenged the Government to produce evidence that it was planning controls which were stopping industrial investment: removing controls would adversely affect residential areas and entail high costs to the community, with at best only very marginal net gains for some private firms.

However, in a sense the Tories cannot really lose. The opposition has already been divided and in the general scramble for 'enterprise zones' attention is distracted from the glaring lack of policies which really tackle the 'industrial graveyards'. Some new industry is bound to come to the selected zones, even if it is simply firms moving in from nearby. And the Tories might well turn relative failure to their own advantage by pointing out that the present scheme is a watered-down version of its forerunners and needs toughening up.

Howe reportedly proceeded with his scheme against the advice of his civil servants. They doubted that the zones could be made sufficiently different and attractive to investors, and still be protected from property speculators and kept 'socially acceptable'. Thus health and safety regulations, for instance, stayed unchanged. To 'compensate' for this the financial incentives were increased, thus involving more public spending in the zones than Howe wanted. In his original scheme no government grants were to be paid out to firms in the zones; now they get the normally-available financial help in addition to the special tax exemptions. Foreseeing this development, delegates to a Tory Local Government Conference in early March expressed concern that the scheme had been so watered-down by civil servants that it was now useless as a proving ground for the Tory theory that laissez-faire would be better for the inner city than 'state-handouts' *(Sunday Telegraph,* 30 March 1980). Considering this background it is easy to imagine that with pressure for more public spending cuts over the next few years the Tories might just reduce the 'state hand-outs', and 'compensate' employers by reducing the health, safety and employment conditions of their employees.

TO MIX METAPHORS, the present scheme may be the thin edge of the wedge applied to the weakest links in the chain. Geographical areas of very high or rapidly rising unemployment are potentially weak links in the resistance to the scheme and some Labour-controlled areas, desperate to attract some job-creating investment, were pleading for 'enterprise zones' even before Howe made them official policy. One such 'weak link' was Clydebank where, on top of already heavy unemployment, Singers announced complete closure of their factory with the loss of another 4000 jobs. When the rundown started some years ago a majority of the workers overturned their shop stewards' recommendation to resist. By March this year they were jumping the queue for an 'enterprise zone'.

With many more contenders than zones on offer the competition has been stiff. But the rules and the umpires are Tory, and Sir Keith Joseph indicated that councils insisting on 'rigid town planning punctilio' would not be 'suitable' *(Financial Times,* 28 March 1980). Thus the more 'Tory' a Labour council promises to be, the greater likelihood of it winning one of the crumbs and finding itself managing a Tory propaganda campaign about the joys of 'free enterprise'!

However with a little co-ordinated grass roots resistance Howe's little scheme could backfire on him. As the Scottish TUC, one of the few organisations to begin to confront the scheme's real nature, concluded: the Tories simply want 'the maximum propaganda value for the least . . . commitment . . . to tackling unemployment or the regeneration of manufacturing industry'. Unfortunately the initial response from the main TUC was less clear. Unlike the Town Planning Institute, it did not take a strong stand before the Budget when the package was being formulated, and its subsequent criticism hardly measured up to the ideological scope and intent of what it referred to as the 'Government's proposed approach to the regeneration of inner-city areas' (sic). It supported instead the previous Government's Inner City Partnership Scheme with its more selective policies towards small firms!

A stronger lead is needed and one which recognises that the real issue is not the 'inner city' as such. Otherwise the 'weak links' will be picked off on a sectional or geographical basis opening the way for the whole country to become more like Hong Kong or South Korea. Unless there is industrial and political mobilisation involving rank and file trade unionists, workers such as those in Clydebank will grasp at the crumbs of the Tory Right and Sir Geoffrey will go on winning the 'debate'.

Anna Coote

Filipino workers get notice to quit

THE HOME OFFICE has now begun to issue 'removal' notices to Filipino workers who have been accused of illegal entry to the UK on the ground that they failed to mention their children when they applied for work permits in Manila. This means that unless the Home Secretary has a last-minute change of heart many of them will be forced to get out within the next month or two. Last March, when their case was publicised on LWT's *London Programme,* strong representations were made on their behalf by MPs, Catholic bishops, trade unions and the Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants — and they enjoyed a short reprieve. Apparently that is now over.

More than 100 Filipinos are expected to be sent home — and all for similar reasons. The case of Mrs Natividad Samson is typical. She first came to Britain in September 1973, having obtained a work permit through an agency in Manila. She was employed as a living-in domestic servant at the Royal Horse Guards Hotel, and later at the London Hospital, where she has worked ever since. She made no secret of the fact that she was married and had four children; indeed, she remembers listing her children on a form given to her by the agency, although she does not know what happened to the form after that. Her visa application form did not ask her to mention children unless they were accompanying her to the UK. Nobody told her that only single people without dependent children were eligible for permits for resident domestic work.

After four years, in September 1977, Mrs Samson was given permission to settle in the UK — and she then tried to get her husband and her youngest child (who had delicate health) to join her. Both applied for visas in Manila. Her husband, Miguel, was allowed to come, but it was suggested that the child should come later when they were able to provide a proper home for him. Mr Samson arrived in May 1978 and the following year the couple began applying for their children to join them. In March 1980 they were told for the first time that they could be regarded as illegal entrants and sent back to the Philippines, because Mrs Samson's original work permit had not mentioned the children.

They cannot appeal against their 'removal' until they are out of the country. The Home Secretary has discretion to allow them to stay, and in a letter to MP Laurie Pavitt on 11 June 1980, Timothy Raison, Minister in charge of immigration, said he would feel justified in exercising the discretion 'only in the most exceptional compassionate circumstances and where the person cannot be held responsible for the deception'. Both criteria would seem to apply to the majority of the Filipinos now threatened with 'removal' — since they will have no livelihood if they are sent home and most of them insist that they did not intentionally withhold information. So far only a few have been allowed to stay; little hope is held out for the rest.

The legality of their case hangs on whether or not they had a duty to disclose information for which they were not asked. Two recent cases in the Appeal Court, both concerning immigrants accused of concealing their marriages, have produced opposing decisions. One of them, that of Mohammed Zamir, whose appeal against removal was rejected, went to the House of Lords in June. It was argued on broad grounds and the judgment, expected later this month, is likely to have a bearing on the case of the Filipino workers. But rather than waiting for the Lords to rule, Mr Raison is pressing ahead. Past experience of immigration cases suggests that once the Filipinos are out of the country, they will find it extremely difficult to appeal successfully and obtain permission to return — even if the law is by then on their side.

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KELLY INQUEST
Rob Rohrer

Kelly family is refused legal aid for appeal against inquest verdict

The price-tag on justice

THE FAMILY of Jimmy Kelly have been refused legal aid in their attempts to have the inquest verdict of misadventure quashed by the Queen's Bench divisional court. Merseyside's Legal Aid Committee has bluntly decided 'adequate evidence was submitted at the inquest to support the verdict recorded' and told Billy Kelly, the dead man's unemployed younger brother, he can in any case afford to pay the enormous legal fees out of his own pocket. Billy Kelly is on supplementary benefit and last week his Trustee Savings Bank account stood at 92p.

In the same week the Kelly family heard from Sefton coroner Ronald Lloyd that a transcript of the inquest proceedings will cost them £250. The coroner refused to order a day-by-day transcript during the inquest which is often taken in public inquiries on, for example, planning matters. The refusal of legal aid also potentially bars moves to take the Kelly case to the European Commission of Human Rights. The Commission will not normally consider a petition until all domestic legal remedies have been exhausted, but withholding legal aid prevents the Kelly family from exploring the avenues of redress still, in theory, left open to them. In practice the Ritz-like expense of English justice will stop their application to the divisional court in its tracks.

Despite fee reductions by their lawyers the Kelly family have already faced huge legal costs in investigating the circumstances of Jimmy Kelly's death and being represented at the inquest. Although the 1974 Legal Aid Act contains a provision to financially support those represented at inquests, it has never been brought into force by any Lord Chancellor. Pub collections, draws, dances and donations were needed to raise the bulk of the £11,000 of legal expenses — but the Kelly Action Committee are still £2-3,000 short of that target. In contrast the Police Federation and Merseyside ratepayers footed the legal bills of the four arresting officers and the chief constable.

The inquest over, further proceedings to challenge its verdict are eligible for legal aid. The refusal of the local committee to grant this is instant and ample proof that English justice still comes with a price tag. 'The committee could see no justification in law on the evidence to support the proposed proceedings' wrote the legal aid secretary. But the very crux of the moves to quash the verdict is that a substantial volume of evidence was simply not heard by the coroner's jury. How far the committee looked into the evidence remains confidential. 'They probably read it up in the *Liverpool Echo*' remarked one cynical Merseyside lawyer. The same source might also have informed the committee's second ground of refusal under regulation 5 of the 1971 legal aid regulations — that the applicant had other financial means. If the committee were not alluding to Billy Kelly's personal finances then uppermost in their minds must have been the well-publicised fund-raising campaign. If this is the case Merseyside's Legal Aid Committee have introduced a begging-bowl principle into legal aid — no aid for the poor if they can cadge enough elsewhere.

THE KELLYS' application for legal aid was backed by counsel's opinion prepared by Gilbert Gray QC. This outlined the likely grounds of a divisional court appeal — privilege, coroner's bias and the role of Merseyside police in the inquest. Considerable evidence was excluded because the four arresting officers claimed privilege over their statements, the same blanket which protected the police report to the DPP from public examination. Coroner Lloyd's summing up, argued counsel, contained serious misdirections of fact, mentioning none of the discrepancies in the police evidence but detailing those surrounding civilian testimony.

The family's counsel also recommended strong complaints about the police presence during the inquest: not only were the coroner's officers from K Division, the same division as the arresting officers, but car-park attendants, door-keepers, ushers, jury bailiffs and jury escorts were all police officers. Senior police officers sat within feet of witnesses as they gave evidence (on the first day Merseyside's chief constable in full uniform was so close he could have tapped witnesses on the shoulder). A further complaint stressed by counsel, was that PC Arthur Jennion, the coroner's officer had been overheard in a corridor to say 'there's nothing in this case'. This was not in the presence of the jury but it was indicative of his attitude.

Counsel criticised the coroner for the deliberate withholding of evidence from the jury without any real inquiry into its nature or relevance. More than 30 pages of the third post mortem report by Professor Alan Usher of Sheffield University were excised by Merseyside's chief constable. Page 31 of the missing pages refers to a PC Walton who states that as Kelly was first carried past him, standing at the door of the charge office, 'his face was dark purple' and 'he was showing no signs of life'.

PC Walton was the only officer, of those who saw Kelly's condition at Huyton police station, not to give evidence. It now appears that at the time of the inquest he was no longer a serving police officer. A PC Willam Walton of Huyton police station was required to resign from the force some time ago after a court case involving the theft of money. A police witness with a discreditable past would have been a liability, especially given the police tactics to pillory every civilian witness with any hint of a criminal record.

If the Kelly family's appeal against the legal aid decision fails one route to the European Court of Human Rights might lie through Article 6 of the Human Rights Convention. Under this a citizen is entitled to a fair and public hearing, so palpably denied in the Kelly case through privilege, concealment of evidence, and now the denial of financial support.

Duncan Campbell

Biological weaponry to be by-passed by safety regulations

THE MINISTRY OF DEFENCE is trying to exempt the Porton Down Chemical Defence Establishment from new health and safety regulations concerning dangerous pathogens. Copies of official correspondence leaked to the *New Statesman* show that the MoD has been lobbying hard to avoid the onerous duty of telling the Health and Safety Executive where, how, and by whom are kept their stocks of the world's most unpleasant germs and viruses. The MoD link man with the Health and Safety Executive, R. T. Ravenscroft of the Procurement Executive, noted in a letter in January that 'it would obviously suit our book to have CDE exempted from the regulations'.

The *Dangerous Pathogen Draft Regulations*, which the HSE published last year, will become mandatory later this year. The purpose of the regulations is to control rigidly any facilities for handling pathogens. The viruses and bacteria involved are so rare as to have little use outside biological warfare development (or, as the MoD claims, biological warfare *defence*).

They include such vile viruses as Machupo and Crimean Haemorrhagic Fevers, Simian Herpes B, Lassa Fever and Venezuelan Encephalitis.

Not unreasonably, the draft regulations impose exacting requirements on the holders of pathogens, including the exact location of any virus stock, and the names and qualifications of all persons who may work on it. This greatly displeased Dr F. Beswick, head of Porton Down's new Defence Microbiology Division. Beswick told a joint meeting at Porton two months ago that:

> full compliance with the notification requirements . . . could comprise national security.

His colleague Mr Ravenscroft feared that:

> the proposed extension of powers . . . could lead to a situation where HSE has control of all experimental work

Ravenscroft has asked HSE to do a deal: if exemption is not available.

> the next most ready solution is to reach some administrative arrangement with you . . .

Three HSE specialists visited Porton on 15 May and reported back on the activities of the Defence Microbiology Division. They noted that the Division was working on assessing 'the dangers presented by organisms which could be used as biological warfare agents', including 'growing batches of pathogens, measuring the stability of pathogens aerosols, and assessing the infectivity of such aerosols', and then developing 'counteragents'.

The HSE has moved towards reluctant agreement with the MoD proposal although it hasn't yet made up its mind. Mr W. Jones of HSE advised his colleagues in a minute last month:

> *there could be political difficulty . . . in that . . .* CDE was being placed in a favoured position. . . Those who do not like what is going on, or thought to go on, at CDE might well make this point.

He noted that HSE would then have to present the MoD's security case for it. Possibly, an unpublicised under-the-table deal with the MoD over exempting nuclear establishments — 'the Dunster-Macklen' agreement — could be extended to cover the situation.

HSE's policy branch apparently wants to steam ahead with exemption, and try to evade the consequences; the latest note eschews the publicity point:

> we are under no obligation to publicise such decisions . . . although we ought to consult the workers concerned.

Sadly for the workers, the MoD's Mr Ravenscroft had already indicated that MoD would use a special provision to avoid disclosing alleged 'national security' information to workers' representatives.

An HSE representative told the *New Statesman* last week that exemption is 'still being considered.'

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SOVIET UNION
Reuben Ainsztein

Yemelyanov is out of favour, but his ideas are still influential

The fall of an anti-semite

VALERY Nikolayevich Yemelyanov is in the news again. Readers of my article 'Soviet Union Today: Anti-Semitism Institutionalised' (NS 15 December 1978) will recall that Yemelyanov is a leading figure on the Russian neo-Nazi Right, and was the first to propose a 'final solution to the Jewish problem' in the Soviet Union. He did this in a number of memoranda presented to the leadership of the Soviet Communist Party and the state. One memorandum, completed by Yemelyanov on 10 January 1977, warned the Soviet leaders that 'the Zionists and their fifth column, the Masons' may become the masters of the world in the year 2000 unless Russia creates 'a worldwide anti-Zionist and anti-Masonic front on the model of the anti-fascist fronts of the 1930s and 1940s, because the threat of Zionist rule over the world planned for the year 2000 threatens all the Gentiles on our earth irrespective of their race, religion and party affiliation'. Such a front would attract 'the widest sections of the populations in the capitalist countries'. To put it in a nutshell, it was time for the Soviet leaders to proclaim officially that the slogan 'Proletarians of all countries — unite!' had become irrelevant and to replace it by the slogan 'Gentiles of the world — unite against the Judaeo-Masonic menace!'

According to my Russian informants, Yemelyanov is about 50 years old and an Arabist by profession. He acted as Khrushchev's Arabic interpreter and was thus able to establish personal contacts with various Arab groups and personalities. After Khrushchev's fall Yemelyanov earned a living as a lecturer in Arabic at the Maurice Thorez Institute of Foreign Languages in Moscow, but after 1967, as the 'Anti-Zionist' campaign developed into an overt anti-semitic policy, emerged as one of its most outspoken propagandists. In his capacity of lecturer for the Knowledge Society in Moscow, he found an excellent platform for propagating his antisemitic views and did so with increasing virulence until 1976. It was then that one of his memoranda, describing the United States President and administration as mere tools of the Judaeo-Masons, fell into the hands of dissidents and reached the West. Armed with a translation of the Russian text, Senator Jacob K. Javits demanded to see the Soviet Ambassador, Anatoly Dobrynin, who was busy defending the Helsinki Agreements and preparing the ground for Salt-2. As a result of the stormy meeting between the Jewish Republican Senator from New York and the suave Russian diplomat, Yemelyanov lost his job as head of the Arabic department in the Maurice Thorez Institute and also ceased to be a Knowledge Society propagandist.

However, he was not expelled from the Party and his protectors on the highest level did not forsake him. Acting no doubt in accordance with the wishes of the Politburo, Mikhail Zimyanin, Central Committee Secretary for Ideological, Propaganda and Cultural Matters, saw to it that in 1977 Yemelyanov was given a post as lecturer in the political science department of the Maurice Thorez Institute.

Yemelyanov, quite rightly, took the latest development as a victory and proceeded to compile the memorandum quoted earlier. He also developed his ideas in a book entitled *De-Zionization*, conceived as a successor to Houston Stewart Chamberlain's *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* and Alfred Rosenberg's *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*. I have not yet been able to obtain a copy of *De-Zionization*, but from dissident sources I have learnt that it departs from Hitler's *Mein Kampf* in presenting the Slavs and not the Germanic peoples as the master race. However, it fully agrees with the Nazi view that Christianity was the Jewish secret weapon for destroying the barbaric vigour of the Nordic peoples.

Yemelyanov explains in his book that the conversion of Prince Vladimir (Valdemar, to call him by his real Swedish name) in 988 AD was part of 'an international Zionist plot' resulting in the Christianisation of Russia and becoming the root cause of Russia's troubles throughout her history. The 'Zionists' knew that by imposing Christianity on Russia they would undermine the Slav race, which, according to Yemelyanov, was 'the backbone of the Aryans' and 'the greatest creative force' in the ancient world. Moreover, Palestine, 'was Russian since time immemorial' and in order to conquer it Moses had wandered with his Jews for 40 years in the Sinai to give the Aryan peoples the time to annihilate each other in the Trojan War. Only then did the Jews, 'a stable criminal genotype of a hybrid character, created . . . on the basis of the cross-breeding of ancient dynasties of professional criminals of the criminal world of the black, yellow and white races', enter their Promised Land.

HAVING COMPLETED his masterpiece, Yemelyanov turned to his Palestinian friends for assistance in getting it published and obtained all the help he needed from a Washington-based Arab organisation which owns the Palestine Free Press in Paris. The manuscript was smuggled out of the Soviet Union either late last year or early this year and printed in the original Russian in Paris by the Palestine Free Press. The entire printing order was then sent back to Moscow and delivered to Yemelyanov. How this was done remains so far a secret, but it is obvious that it could have been done only in two ways: the books could have been sent to Moscow in the diplomatic bags of Arab embassies or sent there with the connivance of the KGB acting on orders from the highest quarters in the Soviet hierarchy.

On receiving the books Yemelyanov sent autographed copies to Brezhnev, Defence Minister Dmitry Ustinov and Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov, First Deputy Minister of Defence and Chief of the Soviet Armed Forces General Staff. In the accompanying letters Yemelyanov said that his book demonstrated, among other truths, that Afghanistan had once been a Slav land and therefore Russia had every right to reconquer it.

However, some members of the Politburo wanted to know who gave Yemelyanov permission to publish his book abroad and, on discovering that he had done so without official approval, ordered his expulsion from the Party. This was done in the last week of March this year on the ground that he had 'violated Party discipline' by having his book published abroad without official approval. The result was that Yemelyanov's wife turned against him, nagging him for losing his job again. Yemelyanov sought consolation in vodka and the result was that in the heat of a domestic quarrel he killed her. He then tried to dispose of her corpse, but on 7 April the charred remains of his wife were found in a rubbish dump near the Vernadsky Underground Station in south-west Moscow and three days later he was arrested.

Needless to say, no mention of the murder and its background appeared in the Soviet press. It is also unlikely that Yemelyanov's trial will be open to the public if and when it takes place.

COMMENTING on my article 'Soviet Union Today: Anti-Semitism Institutionalised' the Russian historian Mikhail Agursky wrote: 'The idea of a Jewish plot is now central in the Soviet mentality. Only the term "Elders of Zion" is missing from the Soviet vocabulary . . . Soviet anti-Zionism is now irrational in the same way as Nazi anti-Semitism was. A considerable number of Soviet leaders believe in a world Jewish conspiracy. Virtually any international event is interpreted by them as a revelation of this conspiracy.' The terrible danger of that, Agursky concluded, was that 'anyone who has an irrational picture of the world — Western or Jewish — will be unable to understand where his own policy is leading him. Anyone who uses irrational methods will sooner or later become the victim of his own irrationality. Anyone who projects a myth of an enemy conspiring to strangle the world will eventually be strangled by his own counter-conspiracy'.

There are few people in the West more qualified than Mikhail Agursky to draw such conclusions. His father, Samuil Agursky, a political émigré in the United States after the collapse of the 1905 Revolution, returned to Russia after the October Revolution and joined the Commissariat for Jewish National Affairs when it was created in January 1918. As second-in-command to Semyon Dimanshteyn, the Commissar for Jewish Affairs, he made it his purpose in life to establish 'the dictatorship of the proletariat in the Jewish street'. For his devotion to the ideals of the October Revolution he was liquidated by Stalin in the 1930s, but his son survived long enough to reach Israel a few years ago.

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PROPAGANDA
Rob Edwards

D. C. Thomson & Co's moral tale for the Thatcherite era

The trials of Miss Snobby Snout

'JACKIE STANTON won £2,000 in an essay competition — and bought her family's council house on the Sawbridge estate. But no one else on the estate owned their own house — and the Stantons became the target for increasing hostility'. So begins a recent episode of 'The House That Jackie Bought', a regular feature in *Tracy*, a weekly comic for girls produced by the infamous Dundee-based D. C. Thomson organisation. The story, which is likely to be read by over 200,000 young girls, is a rich example of D. C. Thomson's brand of propaganda.

The saga started in April, when the Stantons were friendly with all their neighbours but Jackie's widowed mother was in rent arrears because of a five-week lay-off at the factory where she worked. Thirteen-year-old Jackie is appalled by the prospect of a transfer to 'grotty old Coniston Blocks, where the problem families live' and when she wins her £2,000 she decides to purchase the family's council house — receiving a hefty discount because of their fifteen year tenancy. Since then life has been hard for the Stantons.

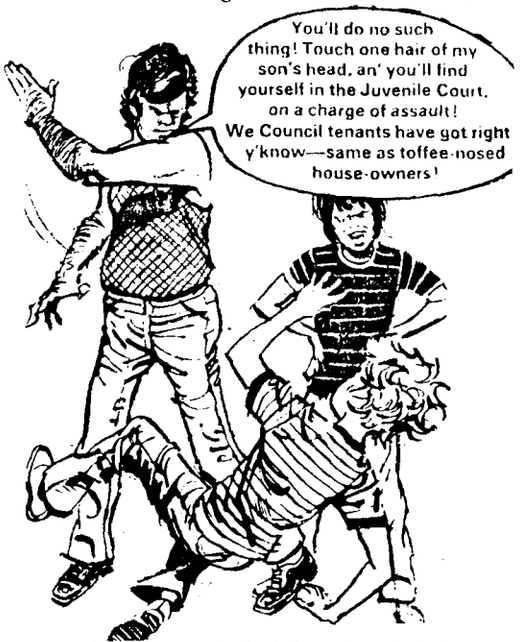
Jackie ('Miss Toffee Nose') is harassed and upset by some animal-like louts from the Coniston Blocks who appear to spend their entire time (when not victimising Jackie) lounging on a wrecked car and running a pensioner protection racket. She is insulted by her classmates, plagued by a rat and framed for stealing a pair of tights from a local supermarket. Her sister is rejected by her best friend and — under threat of blackmail — driven to sleepwalking and trying to smash and grab some sweets. Her brother has lost all his friends and is assaulted by a neighbouring parent. As home-owners the Stantons are excluded from the regular seaside outing, and the neighbours turn against them after they erect a sign saying 'Our House'. A few weeks ago Jackie was hit by a car while trying to escape from a gang of hooded local tearaways; while recovering in hospital she is sent a chocolate box full of worms addressed to 'Miss Snobby Snout'.

News of the sign spread—and changed, too!
Yes, dear—I heard it from Mrs King's own lips! Not only did that awful woman pay twenty pounds for her snooty "Our House" sign, she also ordered a whole row of quick-growing trees to make a hedge.
So as she wouldn't have to look out at us ordinary Council tenants, from her window? Why—if that don't beat all!

The Stantons are well-dressed, well-spoken and pretty. Practically every council tenant that appears is brutish or haggard and inclined to speak in non-BBC style. The motives behind the hate campaign are simply that the Stantons are home-owners and the Calibanesque creatures are tenants.

The decision to run the strip is clearly connected with the government's intention to give all council tenants the right to buy the house in which they live, but D. C. Thomson appear to have been incompletely briefed on the facts of council house sales. At one point, for example, in order to escape the growing hostility, Mrs Stanton inquires about selling the house but is told that this is impossible for five years. Few, if any, local authorities currently apply such a restriction and when the council house sales legislation comes into force this autumn there will be nothing to prevent any purchasers from re-selling whenever and to whomsoever they wish.

D. C. Thomson and Co. are one of Britain's most successful publishing businesses. Every week they produce over eleven million comics and magazines, including the *Beano, Dandy, People's Friend, Weekly News* and many more. The *Sunday Post*, their most renowned product of prejudice and homily, has a Scottish circulation in excess of a million and has, according to the Guinness Book of Records, come the closest of any newspaper to market saturation. Ever since the General Strike in 1926, no employee has been allowed to be a member of any trade union. The company has hence been the target for a series of union campaigns, none of which has altered their attitude. George Rosie has estimated that the *average* wage of a D. C. Thomson employee in 1976 was £46 a week.


You'll do no such thing! Touch one hair of my son's head, an' you'll find yourself in the Juvenile Court, on a charge of assault! We Council tenants have got right y'know—same as toffee-nosed house-owners!

Tracy, started last October, seems to herald a new form of comic propaganda, since observers of comic culture are accustomed to archaic settings and relatively subdued forms of didacticism. Orwell in his essay on Boys' *Weeklies in 1939 noticed that 'contemporary* history is carefully excluded' and that children were

> Absorbing a set of beliefs which would be regarded as hopelessly out of date in the Central Office of the Conservative Party. All the better because it is done indirectly, there is being pumped into them the conviction that the major problems of our time do not exist, that there is nothing wrong with laissez-faire capitalism, that foreigners are unimportant comics and that the British Empire is a sort of charity-concern which will last for ever.

Rosie found a similar picture in 1976, the main obsession being with fighting the Japs and the Jerries. 'The House that Jackie Bought' brings political brainwashing by strip cartoon right up to date.

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CONSERVATION
Mick Hamer

Resources of the world's last untouched continent are being carved up in a new Convention

Will the superpowers kill the krill?

THE KRILL is a small, shrimp-shaped creature, about three inches long. Its present importance is rather larger: it is at the centre of an argument about whether a few great powers — including Britain, the USA and the Soviet Union — should be allowed to fix a cosy share-out among themselves of the largely unexploited resources of the Antarctic, ignoring both the needs of the Third World and the demands of conservation.

The importance of the krill is that it is the central link in the Antarctic eco-system. Directly, krill is the food of seabirds, seals, squid, fish, penguin and baleen whales. Indirectly sperm whales eat the squid and fish which in turn eat the krill. Krill themselves live on phytoplankton. Overfishing is not just a question of taking too much krill; it will also threaten the species which depend on them.

Commercial fishing of krill is still in its infancy. Only about 200,000 tons were taken in 1978, but there is considerable commercial potential. Krill is a useful source of protein, containing about as much as a shrimp or a steak, and it is used both as an animal feed and for human consumption.

Only three nations are currently involved in krill fishing — the USSR, Japan and Poland — but a further five are engaged in experimental fishing, with several other nations waiting in the wings. There are still some technical difficulties which have to be sorted out — such as shelling the krill — but the commercial incentive to solve these problems is clear. In 1977 Dick Laws, the director of the British Antarctic Survey, suggested that the annual sustainable yield of krill could be between 110 and 150 million tons. This yield could more than triple the world's fishing catch, which is currently 70 million tons. However, these figures have a deceptive precision: in the past, estimates of the krill yield have ranged from as high as 1,000 million tons a year to, more recently, as low as 1 million tons.

Meeting in Canberra recently the Antarctic Treaty nations, including the United Kingdom, agreed a Convention governing the Conservation of Antarctic Living Marine Resources. Despite the laudable-sounding aims of this Convention there are serious doubts both about its usefulness for conservation and the underlying political motives of participating nations.

The thirteen original Antarctic Treaty nations, Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Chile, France, Japan, New Zealand, Norway, Poland, South Africa, the Soviet Union, the UK and the USA attended the meeting. Two other nations, the Netherlands and South Korea, had their applications to observe the founding discussions of the Convention turned down.

As with all Antarctic Treaty talks, discussions on the Convention were held in secret. Only the USA and Australia have so far allowed non-governmental organisations to be represented on their delegations and indeed the draft text of the Convention only became public knowledge after it had been leaked in 1970. An attempt by the Antarctic and Southern Ocean Coalition — an alliance of 100 non-governmental organisations, including the World Wildlife Fund — to gain observer status was blackballed by three countries: Chile, the Soviet Union and the UK.

THE NEED FOR a marine resource convention for the Antarctic is clear. But there are a number of grounds for believing that the present draft is inadequate. One area of concern is the relationship that the new Convention will have with the International Whaling Commission — the regulatory body for whaling. The relationship between these two bodies is not spelt out in the Convention and so a position could be reached where whales were protected in one area but their food supply was not. Another weakness of the Convention is that there are minimal interim measures for ensuring conservation in between the Convention being signed and its coming into force. An international convention on marine oil pollution agreed in 1969 did not come into force until nine years later, when two thirds of the signatories had ratified it. The Marine Resources Convention has to be ratified unanimously.

Article XII in the Convention states:

> Decisions of the Commission (the ruling body) on matters of substance shall be taken by consensus. The question of whether a matter is one of substance shall be treated as a matter of substance.

In practice consensus voting will favour exploitation rather than conservation. Should it become necessary to limit quotas to prevent overfishing then, as the International Institute for Environment and Development has pointed out, 'the existing mechanism will prevent anything being agreed if a particular state is determined enough'.

The other major drawback — which has significant political undertones — is the restriction on membership. Although any state may accede to the Convention, membership of the Convention's decision making body, the Commission, as of right, will be limited to the original signatories to the Convention — the thirteen Antarctic Treaty Nations plus East and West Germany. Other nations will only be eligible for voting rights if they are engaged in 'research or harvesting activities'— and provided that they are acceptable to other commission members.

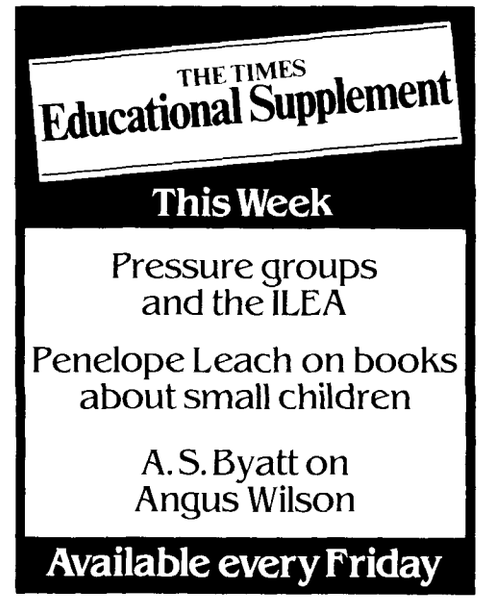
Furthermore additional devices designed to restrict the membership of the convention are contained in Articles II and IV. In Article IV is the provision that 'all contracting parties, whether or not they are parties to the Antarctic Treaty are bound by Articles IV and VI of the Antarctic Treaty'. Using similar wording Article II binds signatories to other articles in the Antarctic Treaty. And Article V requires nations to acknowledge 'the special obligations and responsibilities of the Antarctic Treaty' nations. These articles in the Convention place on signatories some of the obligations of the Antarctic Treaty — such as the ban on new territorial claims — without giving countries a say in how the Antarctic Treaty is administered.

These membership requirements could have the twofold effect of leading to a growth of fishing outside the control of the convention, because of the reluctance some countries will have to associate themselves with the Antarctic Treaty, and prejudicing the Convention membership in favour of exploitation rather than conservation. Indeed the International Whaling Commission has only begun to pass effective conservation measures in recent years. This change has been largely a function of a shift in the balance of its membership away from the self-interest of the whaling nations. Unlike the Marine Resources Convention the IWC membership is not limited to whaling nations; Switzerland is expected to join this year.

The Convention's membership requirements have considerable political importance. Antarctica is the world's last untouched continent. Its icecap contains 70 per cent of the world's supply of fresh water. It has the world's largest coalfield. Among its mineral assets are gold and uranium, and there is almost certainly off-shore oil. Although tapping these resources involved considerable problems and cost, the attractions become greater as time passes and in September 1979 the Antarctic Treaty nations decided to start discussion on the exploitation of mineral resources.

THUS THE MARINE Resources Convention could be seen as setting precedents for an agreement on minerals. Effectively the membership provisions would ensure that only a limited number of nations could get their hands on the cold wealth of Antarctica. The Antarctic Treaty itself is a select club of largely-developed nations. On the credit side it has outlawed military activities on the continent. On the debit side it is regarded with suspicion by some in the Third World both because of South African membership and because of its colonial associations.

The central issue is whether Antarctica should be regarded as a common heritage or the fief of a select few countries. In 1970 the seabed was declared by the United Nations to be 'the common heritage of mankind'. Yet when the United Nations Environmental Programme tried to discuss Antarctica in 1975 they were prevented by the Antarctic Treaty nations. The Marine Resources Convention is thus just another stage in the battle by Britain and its fellow Antarctic Treaty members to keep the continent's resources in the club, and to freeze the Third World out.



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Grimsby Diary

☐I hate Westminster. London even more. Normally I can't wait to get back to Grimsby and the real world. Yet the government is now ruining the economy at such a rate that Westminster is becoming a refuge from painful reality outside. Tuning from one local radio station to the other as I drive North on Fridays gives a litany of redundancies, 500 here, 100 there, 300 somewhere else: 1,181 industrial jobs lost every day this year. That rate is accelerating quickly as the Icecap crawls south. It will have a more nasty political impact on the West Midlands where they're not used to this kind of chill but my car radio survey still gets more depressing as I get nearer home. Grimsby has done a model job of diversifying and breaking its dependence on its basic industry, fishing, only to find that it's jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. The new industries are heavily dependent on exports and consumer demand and hence very vulnerable to the strong pound and the government's use of depression as a management tool. So where two years ago Grimsby seemed at long last to have turned the corner, now the ice cap is there to meet me. Five hundred jobs to go at Laportes, bringing the job losses to over a thousand in the town in a few weeks. Each situation is a new tragedy. Shop stewards dread the day when names are announced and would-be-worker turns against would-be-worker in the fight to hang on. Management loathe the things that imperatives set from above and an economic climate outside their control are making them do. Decent people on both sides, forced into horrid injustices by ministers who know nothing of the human misery they create in deliberately using unemployment to achieve economic — or more accurately with the monetarists, psychological — objectives. I'm not sure what angers me most, the callousness of the process, or its total lunacy given that *felo de se* never was the most sensible approach to any economy, particularly one as shell-shocked as ours. Either way, doing this to Grimsby is unforgivable.

☐Citizens' Band Radio fanatics, like monetarists, are a religious sect: perhaps early unitarians because they're persecuted by the unholy Trinitarians of Home Office, Post Office and Customs for illegal emission, mainly nocturnal, or for not paying VAT on imported sets which, if VAT were offered, couldn't be imported. A CB fan myself, I admit that the rallies usually end in sectarianism. Trafalgar Square on Sunday was no exception. After a lot of '10:2' '10:4' and '10:10' from three MPs ('Legalise the Garden Fence of the Air' 'Give us the Right to Communicate') the meeting fell apart over which channel to legalise: 27 Megahertz on which the 100,000 or so illegally imported sets function or some other frequency which would give British manufacturers a head start. We dignatories were dispossessed. 'Disco One' and the 'Headbangers' seized the platform to demand '27 Megs NOW'. No use saying, 'Can we have our rally back?' As I climbed down from the plinth, 'Disco One' was shouting that he didn't care how many times he was busted. Still, a less dramatic end than the last rally in Leeds. I was then haranguing from the Town Hall steps as a Home Office Detector van bristling with aerials drove into view. The audience dissolved in a cloud of exhaust fumes and the slamming of Jaguar, Custom Car, and old Banger doors. 'C.B. NOW' was an academic argument for an audience that already had it and was desperate to keep it.

☐Now that Carrington (Euro-Smooth) has taken Mag (Euro-Nag) by the arm and said 'enough is enough', the Common Market has changed from issue into embarrassment. As on other issues, Tory promises and hopes are as disposable as Kleenex and last week's debate on the budget showed that the Tory front bench can't even take either its own promises or the Market itself seriously. It was kicked off with a petty Inns of Court Debating Society speech by the Chancellor which insulted whatever intelligence the house has. Nicholas Ridley ended it with a lumpen-aristocrat performance given under the influence of something, perhaps total boredom. His front bench sat shame faced, or giggling at a currency called the 'Mew' which figured prominently in his ramblings. The only Tories to emerge with credit were the small band of anti-marketeers with their anxious warnings to a government they clearly see as Euro-Fools wandering blithely among Euro-Thieves. As for the Prime Minister, from Boadicea to Euro-wet in four weeks must be a foretaste of the myriad new Mags to come as she's forced, like an ageing drag artist, to ever more lavish changes of costume to conceal the lies beneath.

☐As the last surviving Gaitskellite I feel like a political dinosaur, particularly when I realise how far the political centre of gravity has shifted since the world was young. I felt this listening to Professors Brian Griffiths and Patrick Minford this week. In the fifties and early sixties most universities, and particularly their Conservative Clubs, had small posses of pillocks: young immature striplings, full of middle class prejudices, who saw economics as a branch of morality, as if Keynes had never been, and bleated about balancing the budget, a welfare state making people soft, 'sound money' and the burdens of tax and inflation. They could be safely discounted: not worth arguing with. After all Social Democracy was the norm. Keynes ruled OK. Even their own government ignored them. All's changed now. This particular Rip Van Winkle finds pillocks, in many cases the same ones, talking the same rubbish but now listened to with attention, lunching with the Prime Minister, controlling the economic destinies of the country, sitting on the Tory backbenches. Still as out of touch with the real world, but now out of the closet and in command, turning industry into an outward bound course and generally making the world fit for their prejudices to live in. Company liquidations are running at 6,200 a year, the highest post war rate. So it must be Pillocks Rule KO. We should have bothered more with them in the formative years, talked to them, explained things, tried to treat them as normal human beings rather than assuming that they would grow out of it all when they discovered sex. Instead they discovered the varicose ardours of the nymph at 50. Being pillocks they fell for it.

☐The Grimsby fishing industry, brave and buoyant at the start of the year, recovering well from our Icelandic disaster, has recently been demoralised at a more rapid rate than the British industrial norm by the snowballing fishing crisis and the government's obstinate inaction. Caught as they are between costs rising steadily as fuel and interest charges go up, and receipts falling equally remorselessly as catches slip because the flood of fish imports is driving down prices, fishermen are on a treadmill; driven back to sea to catch less and less just to keep going and pay off the bank. Many are drifting slowly into greater and greater debt, most are currently failing to accumulate the summer fat to survive the next winter. So far this year 22 trawlers have been laid up in Grimsby alone. Many of the remainder are in debt, in some cases to tens of thousands of pounds, to the agents. The agents who handle the business side of each vessel and sell its catch owe hundreds of thousands to the banks. So everyone holds their breath and prays that no more cards will be dislodged from the house of cards that is British fishing today. Which is why the industry is so desperate for government aid: just to keep going and ease debts which will otherwise never be cleared. The government for its part remains obstinately insensitive, anxious to pass the burden of aid to the EEC and prepared now to trade fishing rights for it. My own prayer is that they let Mag back out of the Euro cage on this issue because it looks dreadfully likely that the Foreign Office, no friend of any British industry, particularly one as difficult as fishing, is putting the pressure on for an early sell-out to get the fishing embarrassment out of the way in Europe. If the FO is in command then roll up those 50 mile limits. We'll not be needing them these ten years.

☐In the time of Horatio Bottomley, Hotairio to his critics, they sold honours outright. Hire purchase seems the rule for our Thatcherocracy, the press section of which acts as if their titles might be re-possessed. Witness last Friday's headline in Sir Loin of Lamb's Titsheet, gallantly describing 1 per cent off MLR 'Maggie's Kiss for Industry'. Makes a change from necrophilia as an industrial strategy, but, changing images, slightly extravagant for the removal of one nail from the cross. But it was outdone by Lord Vic of Matthews. After 'Maggie's Ray of Hope' on Friday, the *Express* saw things getting visibly better by Saturday. As things get worse the *Express* will have to throw its teams of investigative reporters into the search for dawns, swallows, awakenings, rainbows, omens and light at the ends of tunnels as its slavish loyalty to the fount of honour pulls it further and further out of touch with the world its readers live in.

Austin Mitchell

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐'I've got nothing against women,' Mr Richards continued. 'We rely on them for producing the younger members of the club but I wouldn't want them making any rules. A man would speak his mind at a meeting and bear no grievance whereas women will make a storm in a teacup. Women are essential. But not on the committee.' — *South Wales Echo* (Beata Lipman)

☐Baden-Powell might not have been too wild about the idea, but it is now socially OK for Cub Scouts to wear ear-rings — although it is advisable for them to put sticking plaster over their ears when they attend pack meetings — *Daily Telegraph* (Gregory Tesser)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The socialism of fools

From David Aaronovitch, President-Elect NUS
Christopher Hitchens in his very interesting article on the ambivalent attitude of some left-wingers towards anti-semitism (NS 20 June) has done the NUS an injustice. He states that NUS took no action when faced with the 'open intimidation of UJS activists in the lobbies of its conference'. NUS has always taken a firm stand against physical or any other form of harassment carried out against any section of its membership. Three years ago, following the decision by one or two student unions to ban their Jewish societies for being Zionist and therefore racist, a debate at National Conference sponsored by the Executive passed a constitutonal amendment which gave the National Conference the right to suspend from membership of NUS any union that discriminated against a section of their membership.

We did have a problem at our April conference with intimidation. For some time now, publicity has been given to the fact that the pro-Ba'athist student organisation in Britain has been responsible for the intimidation of Iraqi dissidents. As a result, the NUS took a decision to cease recognition of the National Union of Iraqi Students (NUIS). At the last Conference 40 NUIS members turned up and a large number of delegates were treated to their particular brand of verbal harassment. I was threatened with a beer glass. But at no stage was this harassment turned specifically against Jewish students.

NUS is not aware of any student union which continues to refuse recognition to its constituted Jewish society. We have repeatedly told the Union of Jewish Students that if ever they hear of such cases occurring they should let us know.

Finally, the slander campaign against me was almost certainly the work of Iraqi officials interested in the question of our de-recognition of NUIS. I do not deny that there are grounds for being worried. What I cannot accept is that there is a growth of anti-semitism in the student movement in Britain.
3 Endsleigh, London WC1

From N.J. Temple, Chairman British Anti-Zionist Organisation
Christopher Hitchens's recent article contains several references to our organisation which must be firmly rebutted. Firstly, we have never published any poster where 'the Star of David' [has been] twisted into a swastika shape'. Secondly, Hitchens does not allude to the identity of the 'Palestinian students' who, he says, accuse our organisation of being anti-semitic. It is extremely doubtful if any Palestinian student in Britain has such a view. Certainly not the General Union of Palestinian Students (GUPS) with whom we have good relations. As for Hitchens's reference to the WRP, he should be made aware that the WRP has been publicly challenged to justify their smear against us by stating any example of anti-semitic policy or activity of ours. For the record, BAZO-PS is *completely opposed* to all forms of racism — including anti-semitism and this is stated in our Constitution, article 13b of which precludes any person who holds a racist view or who belongs to a racist organisation from being a member of BAZO-PS.

As for our leaflet, *The Union of 'Jewish' Students — a study in hypocrisy,* we have placed inverted commas around the words 'Jewish' as far as U'J'S is concerned precisely in order to differentiate this small Zionist outfit from the great majority of Jewish students who wish to have absolutely nothing to do with that group.
58 Old Brompton Road, London SW5

From Michael Metliss, Former Fieldworker UJS
Christopher Hitchens's article is welcome even though little more than a conscience-saver. He does not regard all anti-Zionism as being anti-semitic, only that of the extreme left and certain Islamic fundamentalist groups. We are to assume therefore that the 'acceptable' Christopher Hitchens-type anti-Zionism is free of prejudice against Jews. His understanding of anti-Zionism might improve if he had a better understanding of Zionism. Zionism is not only the Zionism of Menachem Begin; it is also the Zionism of the UJS which calls for 'mutual recognition between Israel and the Palestinians'.

All anti-Zionism calls into question the very legitimacy and morality of Israel's existence, and is implicitly anti-semitic. Christopher Hitchens is wrong in thinking that the anti-Zionist onslaught on British campuses is a recent phenomenon for which the Likud government policies on the West Bank are responsible. The Zionism-racism equation pre-dates Israel's conquest of the West Bank and Gaza Strip in 1967. The ideological onslaught on Israel has tried to succeed where military force has failed. Its source is the conspiracy theory of *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* and the demonisation of the Jews which began with the first allegations of deicide. Its purpose is the destruction of the Jewish state.

Christopher Hitchens may reject the final solution for Israel but he supports the PLO nevertheless. Furthermore he, among others, has created a political climate in the NS in which Jewish students feel oppressed.
91 rue de Seine, Paris 75006

From Richard Johnson
I am writing to you on behalf of the students at Salford University. While agreeing with the spirit of 'The Socialism of Fools', we were surprised to find reference to our own union which was a glib oversimplification. What you wrote might have been true of the climate here two years ago, but since then we have achieved considerable success in creating an environment within our union which provides a democratic forum for debate on Middle East issues. Indeed this year a general meeting was held to discuss the union's attitude to the Palestinians in and around Israel. At the meeting Jewish students felt able to express a range of views including full support for the state of Israel. They were not subjected to any greater harassment than a powerful counter-argument. The incident to which you refer involved an uninvited press photographer whose behaviour was condemned by all parties here.
Students Union, University of Salford, Manchester

From Jennifer John and Steve Pound
We feel we must write and correct the impression that socialists in the London School of Economics are party to the harassment of Jewish students. The Labour Club is the largest and most active left-wing group in the LSE and it has never supported or condoned the harassment of any religious or racial group. The unsavoury incident quoted by Mr Hitchens is a matter of fact; but the society excluding Jewish students was certainly acting unconstitutionally.
LSE, Houghton Street, London WC1

From Tony Greenstein
As a Jewish ex-sabbatical officer of Brighton Polytechnic Students Union, I would like to take issue with 'The Socialism of Fools'. There is no doubt that certain Islamic student groups have peddled anti-semitic rubbish such as *Flocks*. But to lump this with all anti-Zionist activity is unjustified.

Zionists have deliberately insisted on confusing the word 'Zionist' with 'Jewish' — much to the delight of the National Front. BAZO was criticised by the WRP as being anti-semitic — but since when has the WRP been an expert on the subject? The chairperson of BAZO is Jewish as indeed are many other members including myself.

The 'sympathy of some early Zionists for European fascism' includes Menachem Begin and his Herut Party. In a letter to the *New York Times* (4 December 1948) Albert Einstein made just such an accusation. 'Herut, a political party closely akin in its organisation, methods, political philosophy and social appeal to the Nazi and Fascist parties'. The bombing of refugee camps and the imposition of collective punishments on the West Bank Palestinians also bear a resemblance to the methods of the Nazis. Of course Zionists will reply by accusing all anti-Zionists of being anti-semitic (and Jewish anti-Zionists of being self-haters!)
Cockcroft Building, Lewes Road, Brighton

From J. Garnel
Christopher Hitchens's article draws attention to the fact that anti-Zionism, or anti-Israel hysteria, leads to anti-semitism. Militant anti-Zionism, calling for the elimination by war of Israel, is a post-Hitlerian form of anti-semitism, menacing Jewry today. His article, however, makes no contribution to combating the disease.

I am not a supporter of the foreign policy of Menachem Begin nor do I sympathise with Gush Eumenim, but I do share Begin's contempt for the Jew-haters and Arab nationalists whose aim is the establishment of a PLO state as the first stage in the 'liberation' of all Palestine. The majority of Jews in Israel and the diaspora would be happy to return the West Bank in exchange for peace. But Israel did not enjoy peace when the West Bank and Gaza were not under its occupation and the PLO has stated that it is unwilling to recognise Israel in exchange for a Palestinian State.

Christopher Hitchens's article illustrates the difficulty the NS finds in kicking the habit of Zionist misinterpretation. If, as he says, it is irrelevant that 'some early Zionists were sympathetic to European fascism', why mention it at all? Or why not add that most of the Zionist pioneers including Israel's first premier were socialists who formed the kibbutzim and labour unions? Or remind your readers that Zionism is a movement of national liberation from anti-semitism? Finally, Hitchens refers to the 'hollowness of the Camp David accord, and the futility of trying to write the Palestinians out of the record'. Is not the Palestinians' negative attitude towards Israel to blame for the Israeli government's negative attitude towards the Palestinians? Why not acknowledge the refusal to accept the existence of Israel by Arab nationalists and anti-Zionists of the ultra-Left and Right as an obstacle to an interpretation of Camp David acceptable to reasonable Jews and Arabs?
1 Sussex Court, Eaton Road, Hove, Sussex

From David M. Jacobs
It should hardly be a cause for surprise that anti-semitism has now emerged from among those student groups who have uncritically supported the totalitarianism and extremism of a large portion of the Third World linked with the authoritarian regimes of either China or the Soviet Union. It was no accident that the leading presenter of the notorious 'Zionism is Racism' resolution at the United Nations in November 1975 was Idi Amin.
23 Worley Road, St Albans, Herts

From Khalid Kishtainy
I share wholeheartedly Christopher Hitchens's horror at the recent revival of anti-semitism in academic and leftist circles in Britain. Like any progressive Arab, I have warned my compatriots against this trend, which unfortunately has its counterpart in the Middle East, where some of the most sinister anti-semitic works have recently been translated and printed in Arabic. But I should now point to the causes of this revival. The behaviour of Israel and the demands she puts on the diaspora, the Zionist expectation that Jews must stand by Israel right or wrong, the 'instructions' given by Tel Aviv to Jewish organisations cannot but strengthen the belief in the 'Jewish global conspiracy' (the ultimate in anti-semitism).
63 Crompton Road, London SW19

**All letters on this page have been cut. Any letter is likely to be cut unless you specifically state that you want it to be printed in full or not at all.*
**Our apologies to Scott Newton for the omission of the word 'not' from the sentence 'But it does mean that we should not unequivocally reject the stationing of Cruise Missiles here' in his letter last week.*

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Purse the lips

Random thoughts frequently come, unbidden, to my mind and at moments when I am usually busily occupied at some domestic task that bears no relation at all to the *pensée* that arrives. How and why one's brain, for such I defiantly call it, manages these matters is to me one of the eternal mysteries. Thus, only the other day and after I had just decided that the cleanliness of my newest Marks and Spencer shirt (size 16½ and in a rather pleasing Cambridge blue) fully warranted another day's wear before I need wash and drip-dry it, an interesting thought popped up from nowhere. I had turned aside a moment from my laundry in order to construct a small fish pie, and you'll probably want to know the reason why (it comes under the Look Ahead heading). Next day I had, with the help of my friendly Exeter dentist, himself possessed of fine rows of gleaming teeth and who is such a striking advertisement for his art, to say farewell to a dear old friend, a chipped and wobbly back molar. Fearing a subsequently sore gum and painful eating, I decided that fish was the answer. Our travelling fish man had conveniently called and just after I had cooked and flaked my fish (a generous measure of halibut), grated my cheese and was about to make a delicious white and cheesy and milky *roux* to combine with the fish (and do please feel free to copy this recipe if it has set you salivating) it occurred to me to wonder how many years it has been since anybody, and ladies particularly, whistled in a music-hall.

Do not misunderstand me. I am not here referring to those vulgar and piercing noises made by some audiences and almost all football crowds (the Italians are especially good at it. It would seem to be, currently, their most outstanding contribution to life), but to the music-hall item that announced itself as being a *siffleur* or, more usually, a *siffleuse*. But why, you ask, use a frog word? The reason is that with any serious musical item in music-halls, taste and refinement were considered to be essential (those trios of piano, violin and 'cello always performed with draped curtains of apricot silk behind them, and a standard lamp with gold tassels) and there is no doubt that the word *siffleuse* contains a good bit more taste than Whistling Woman.

As from about the age of five, my every waking thought that did not concern food was directed towards theatres and music-halls and the, to me, enchanted persons who appeared in them, I knew exactly what a *siffleuse* was and did, and one thrilling day my mother, ever ready to provide a joyous surprise and who never failed to back me up and encourage my theatrical leanings, said that we were going to have lunch with an old acquaintance, a lady who was, and I forget now which, either the widow or sister or cousin or aunt of 'Athole Capper, the *siffleur*'. This is now about sixty years ago and I may well have misremembered the Christian name, but of Capper I am sure (perhaps some kind correspondent will confirm). My mother, pressed for details as to where and what he had whistled, could, alas, recall no more. Our hostess, whom I will call Mrs Capper, lived in a charming 18th century house easily accessible (and it still stands) from, of all places, the GWR station at Aldermaston. Nobody marched in those days to Aldermaston, an atom was something that merely occurred in conversation (it's not an atom of use) and the countryside was unspoilt.

My excitement, as so often in youth, knew no bounds. Although she was, obviously, not Mr Capper, would Mrs Capper come bouncing in and make an entrance, perhaps to a fanfare? Would she have made herself heavily up? Would she wear a dress that glittered? Would she too, perhaps, whistle? She did, regretfully, none of these things. She was just a pleasant and white-haired lady who gave us a delicious lunch and talked of matters that did not, and oh the disappointment, in any way concern music-halls or whistling. I looked about for happy snaps of fellow artistes (Vesta Tilley, perhaps, or Harry Lauder), signed with a flourish, encased in silver frames and, probably, gracing the Bechstein. None were visible, and one could only assume that our hostess's relationship with the *siffleur* must have been a pretty distant one — second cousin-by-marriage, possibly. Still, lunch had been agreeable, the railway trip had been interesting (I had only been sick once, at Reading West) and even such a very slight brush with the world of entertainment had been better than none.

But, and in the strange way that things happen, I did once positively meet and stand next to an actual working *siffleuse* just before and after she had been in full labial action and delighting her public. By profession, my father was an electrical engineer, which means an engineer who specialises in electrical matters rather than one who is worked by electricity, and it was suddenly discovered, in about 1917, that one of the men who had worked for him was now chief electrician at a music-hall which stood to the west of Hammersmith and was called the Chiswick Empire, conveniently close to Barnes, where we lived. Strings were pulled and permission was kindly given by the management for me to be present, back-stage and at the First House (6.15), during a performance. None of life's major excitements and pleasures (and I have no intention of providing my list of them: *chacun à son goût)* could possibly compare with what I then felt.

My stomach, ever in youth something to be reckoned with, was calmed and fortified with buttered toast and a boiled egg at tea-time and off we set (my father was to accompany me back-stage, while my mother was placed in a front stall). In a daze, we passed through the stage-door and, for me, a delirium of delight began. Wonderful theatre smells to begin with, that weird and fusty musty mixture of canvas, wood, sweat, size, paint and clothes. Then there was the feeling of dedication, and an air of expectancy everywhere. The half-light in the wings and the glimpses of the bright stage. The orchestra playing, the performers at work, the whispers ('Stand just there and don't make a sound'). They very sportingly stationed me right down stage in the prompt corner and when, in the interval, the safety curtain came down, it almost took my nose off. For the second half I was put up in the flies, climbing there up a steep ladder, with my father behind me in case I fell, and enjoying up there the fascinating sight of the backdrops and curtain being hauled up and down and, peering down onto the stage, watching a man and woman giving a splendid imitation of Gaby Deslys and her dancing partner, Harry Pilcer, great stars and all the rage.

The second item on the programme, and coloured lights on the sides of the proscenium showed which number we had got to, was a *siffleuse*. To get the thing away to a good start, we had kicked off with a comical trick cyclist, red-nosed to indicate insobriety, who, by pretending to be about to bicycle straight into the audience, had managed to put them into an exceptionally happy mood. During his turn, I had become aware of, waiting near me, a slim presence dressed in a black and glittering substance. It was our *siffleuse,* and she looked nervous. It was my first realisation of the fact that almost all performers everywhere are always nervous (and if they aren't, there is something gravely wrong). The trick cyclist finished and took two bows, the orchestra struck up something operatic and demandingly colaratura and our *siffleuse,* inflating her lungs, glided on stage whistling violently. There was more to her art than mere whistling. In addition to keeping the expression pleasant, she had to time her slow walk across the stage so that she ended her warblings at the very moment when she exited the other side. She managed it perfectly and then reappeared, to storms of applause, and returned to my side of the stage with 'Roses of Picardy' which, being only an encore number, was somewhat shorter and required a slightly brisker progress. She came off, saw me goggling excitedly at her, said something warm and friendly, and disappeared. She had helped to give me one of the most enthralling evenings I have ever known, and I do hope that Life was kind to her.

Roger Woddis

Sermon in Brazil

The Pope told a meeting of Brazilian industrialists and businessmen that if social justice were withheld, it would be achieved 'by the forces of violence.'

Blessed are the poor in spirit,
for theirs is the quick way to heaven.

Blessed are they that live in luxury,
for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek,
for they shall see where it gets them.

Blessed are they that hunger,
for they shall be fed with words.

Blessed are the powerful,
for they shall keep their power.

Blessed are the pure in heart,
for they shall believe anything.

Blessed are the speechmakers,
for they shall be called wonderful.

Blessed are they that are tortured,
for they shall gain humility.

Blessed is the Church of the Poor,
for it shall say nothing
of the violence of the rich.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Robert Wistrich

Power Point

The Jewish Emergence from Powerlessness by YEHUDA BAUER *Macmillan* £12
Prophets in Babylon: Jews in the Arab World by MARION WOOLFSON *Faber* £14

Throughout most of its long diaspora history, the Jewish people had no access to political power. Modern politicised Judaism is a comparatively recent product, the consequence of emancipation and the entry of the Jews into the western world where statehood has been highly valued. More specifically, for Jews of the post-holocaust age, to exist in history without the attributes of military power has become exceedingly problematic, if not inconceivable. What might have been regarded by some Jews as a blessing became in the context of 20th-century genocide the curse of powerlessness.

It is the merit of Professor Bauer's short book to focus attention on this shift of Jewish attitudes and political behaviour, brought about by the trauma of Nazism, and to analyse the 'dynamic within the Jewish world as a whole which the Holocaust set in motion'. In particular, he demonstrates the crucial role played in this transformation by the Holocaust survivors who were concentrated in the Displaced Persons Camps within the American zones of post-war Germany and Austria. These survivors were by no means passive participants in an operation planned and organised by Palestinian Zionists but were led by a fairly homogeneous group of fighters and partisans whose resistance during the Holocaust itself heralded the emergence of the Jews from their bi-millennial condition of powerlessness. The determination of the survivors not to budge until a political sanctuary had been provided for them in Palestine made it clear that there could be no return to the *status quo ante*. All non-Zionist attempts to achieve a modicum of political security for the Jews having failed and with the doors of the Western democracies virtually bolted, Palestine alone appeared as a haven which might salvage the homeless Jews of Europe.

The sensitivity of Western public opinion to the demands of the Holocaust survivors was greatly accelerated, as Professor Bauer shows, by the awakening of American Jewry, whose politicisation was a direct response to the impact of the Holocaust. Towards the end of World War II, the Jewish vote became for the first time a reality as native-born Jews began to utilise their newly acquired American political instincts as a legitimate part of the democratic system. The interplay between their lobbying, the diplomatic pressures of the Zionist movement, the underground struggle against the Mandatory regime in Palestine and the resistance of the survivors in the DP camps ultimately made possible the emergence of Israel and a new era in which Jewish political power had to be taken into account.

No less important in the consolidation of the Jewish State after 1948 was the mass exodus of Jews from Arab lands, the subject of a very different kind of book by Marion Woolfson. Oriental Jewry stood outside the structures of power elaborated by the Zionist movement in response to the ravages inflicted by European anti-semitism. It neither founded the State nor created the political ideology on which it has been based. Moreover the difficulty in integrating Israel's Oriental Jewish communities remains one of the most critical and potentially explosive social problems confronting the Jewish State. Unfortunately, the author's treatment of this neglected and vital subject provides little illumination, marred as it is by the myth that Zionism destroys a truly idyllic Jewish-Arab relationship in the Middle East. We are asked to believe that the Oriental Jews were either tricked or intimidated by Zionist emissaries into exchanging a happy, secure life in Arab lands for the supposed misery and shame awaiting them in the Jewish State. Thus, according to the author, the Jews of Iraq, having been stampeded by Zionist agents into leaving their homeland, subsequently found themselves reduced to 'pauperism' in Israel, trapped in a 'totally alien Ashkenazi culture' hateful to them. Oriental Jewry, according to this view, had no will of its own — those who emigrated to Israel were mere pawns in an ideological struggle, whose only function was to serve as 'cannon-fodder' for Zionist expansionism.

Ms Woolfson evidently shares the belief constantly echoed in Arab propaganda, that there are two kinds of Jew — the wicked Ashkenazi Zionist, a westernised racist colonialist, alien to the region and the oppressor of its indigenous people — and the good Arabised Jew who secretly longs to return to the loving embrace of his former Arab rulers. This image distorts her perception of many historical facts, though it should be said that she does not deny the existence of persistent discrimination and periodic massacres of Jews in Arab lands. She is however at pains to emphasise that anti-Jewish manifestations in the Arab East have nothing to do with anti-semitism (the distinction must be comforting), that there were no 'ghettoes' and that harsh Islamic laws concerning non-Muslims were either 'not applied at all or else operated most leniently'. On the one hand we are told by the author that there were no Arab 'pogroms', yet when these are briefly described as in Iraq (1941), Libya (1945) and Aden (1947), the responsibility is conveniently shifted to the British who allegedly stood by and watched it happen. Given this cavalier approach to the historical record it is small wonder that she should whitewash the miserable plight of Syrian Jewry today and altogether omit any reference to the pro-Nazi proclivities of Arab and Palestinian nationalist leaders in the 1930s and 40s. The well-documented popularity of *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* throughout the Arab world to this very day is discreetly passed over in silence. Nor is it surprising that she would dismiss the Kurdish national-liberation movement as a CIA-Israeli backed conspiracy, given her apologetic stance towards the Iraqi regime.

What is however astonishing in one so hypercritical of Zionist ethnocentrism is her failure even to mention the fate of other minorities, apart from the Oriental Jews, in the Islamic world. Had she examined what has happened to the Armenians, the Christian Copts and Assyrians, the South Sudanese Negroes, the Druze, the Bahais and the Kurds under *Dar al-Islam* then a very different picture of much-vaunted Islamic Arab tolerance would have emerged. The historical fate of the *dhimmis* (protected peoples) and other minorities stripped of their political rights and national identity, powerless and dispossessed, forbidden to carry arms and at the mercy of their conquerors, makes a nonsense of Ms Woolfson's basic thesis.

The problem of the Oriental Jews was not rooted in Zionism (none of the other minority groups had an Israel for others to blame their troubles on) but in the deeper historic forces which affected all minorities in the region, who found themselves caught in a squeeze as Muslim Arab societies modernised under the xenophobic aegis of extreme nationalism. If

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any proof of this were needed, it has been provided by the actual development of the 22 Arab nation-states, where non-Muslim minorities have been systematically discriminated against and in some cases almost annihilated. In this context the massive *Aliyah* of Oriental Jews to Israel was not only understandable, it had become an imperative of survival.

Zionism did at least offer the Oriental Jews an escape-route from their increasingly unbearable condition as a vulnerable and powerless minority. Thus in a different geographical and political context, the same quintessential Jewish experience described by Professor Bauer in relation to the Holocaust survivors in Europe can be seen to have operated.

Mervyn Jones

A Fighter

Writing By Candlelight by E. P. THOMPSON
Merlin £7.50 & £2.70

This book, whose title ironically recalls the power-workers' strike of 1970, brings together a number of articles or essays on political themes. Most of them appeared in *New Society*, the journal which has had the distinction of giving Thompson a regular platform, though NS readers will remember his magisterial scourging of Chapman Pincher. I hope I shan't give a false impression when I say that they are a joy to read (or re-read), for they were not written to give joy to anyone, even friends and comrades. While Thompson is profoundly, and at times even desperately serious, he cannot help being entertaining; but while he entertains, he is alerting us to his seriousness. It is never wise to read him carelessly. One of his qualities is the ability to invest a detail, or a point that might seem superficial, with unexpected significance.

For instance, in discussing Harold Wilson's awful books, he has some fun with the jumble of clichés to be found in them. Other commentators have made the stylistic observation, and some have linked it with the vapidity and unoriginality of Wilson's thinking. But Thompson, having fired off his jests, suddenly remarks that Wilson 'apprehends the universe as cliché'. Thus, we are brought to consider the false priorities, and false interpretations of reality, that caused certain decisions to be made — or to be dodged — when Wilson was Prime Minister.

Again, there is a delightful passage which treats the sham idealism and hollow romanticism of 'going into Europe' in terms of sexual metaphor. In a phrase to be cherished, Thompson likens the EEC to 'nine middle-aged couples with failing marriages meeting in a darkened bedroom in a Brussels hotel for a Group Grope'.

This is more than a wisecrack; it is an evocation of the innate vulgarity, the grasping selfishness, and the frantic search for rejuvenation discernible in the spirit and conduct of the EEC. Incidentally, Thompson goes on to predict 'a resurgence of bourgeois nationalist rancour of sensational intensity' — a good forecast for an article written in 1975.

His dominant theme, however, is a defence of this country's democratic traditions. It is worth giving some thought to this concept of 'traditions', which is important and (once again) very serious to Thompson. Spokesmen of the Left are regularly reproached or derided for being, despite their protestations, conservative in their mental habits and attached to a political inheritance for its own sake. In certain respects, and in certain contexts, it may be admitted that the accusation hits the mark. Traditions, nevertheless, exist; and what Thompson is saying, if I understand him rightly, is that the consequence of ignoring or discarding them is to allow your opponents to define them — indeed, to annex them. In the absence of counter-claims, it can easily come to be believed that the characteristic British traditions are authoritarian government, decision-making in private conclave, class arrogance and class servility.

It is valuable, therefore, to have a historian like Thompson who asserts that the British traditions are resistance to arbitrary authority, open argument, and institutions which presuppose human equality. One of these institutions, now endangered, is the jury. Thompson points out that, while the jury system is ancient (by the way, 'ancient' is one of his favourite words, and invariably used as a term of commendation), jury-vetting is very new. By saying this he is, surely, occupying ground that's worth holding. It is not, as he freely grants, an argument in itself; he goes on to remark that hanging was an old and bad tradition. But it means that the onus is on those who wish to introduce jury-vetting to justify it. This they would like to evade, preferring to impose it covertly and without debate.

We have — and for a man like Thompson it is cause for pride — the longest democratic, radical and even revolutionary traditions of any country in the world. A tradition produces its representatives; and it's impossible to read Thompson, hear him speak or even see him through the uncongenial medium of television without recognising an intrinsically British figure. (I will even be so archaic as to say 'an intrinsically English figure'.) This is one reason, among others, why in a steadily widening circle he evokes a response based on trust, and indeed on affection, as well as on intellectual agreement. It's no bad thing, I think to have someone on the Left who can write: 'I have never been able to get my decimal table right. I was brought up at a time when twelve true units made a foot, a shilling, or the verdict of a jury.' Some will find this merely entertaining, or merely endearing. But, as usual with Thompson, a serious point is being made with a smile. Whatever the merits of decimalisation and metrication, they are typical of changes which most people did not want and which were brought in by those who know what is good for us.

A historian of Thompson's stamp knows that it has always been necessary to fight in order to achieve, secure and extend freedom; and he warns us in this book that the defence of freedom in the years immediately ahead of us will be no easy business. I don't think there can be much doubt that, if the Seventies were a dull decade — in which, as Thompson says, many creeping inroads on freedom were made, and were allowed by the sleepiness or the confusion of the Left — the Eighties will be a harsh, perhaps even a cruel decade. The kind of civil liberties to which my generation had become accustomed seem unlikely to survive it without grave damage. I don't expect (and nor does Thompson) to see anything that could accurately be called fascism or dictatorship, but we shall be lucky if we don't see Britain more repressively governed than ever in living memory.

The autocratic, intolerant personality of Mrs Thatcher strikes me as a sign of the times, for historical conditions tend to throw up the personalities that they require. I don't consider it out of the question that some of my friends will be political prisoners before the decade is out; if I'm one myself, I hope to be put in the same block as Thompson. Thinking about him as I write this review, I find myself recalling Abraham Lincoln's comment on a petition asking him to dismiss General Grant because of the latter's personal shortcomings. Lincoln wrote on it: 'I cannot spare this man — he fights.'

Risking All

JAMES CAMPBELL pays tribute to the work of Henry Miller (1891-1980)

At the end of 1936, Orwell met Henry Miller in Paris. Orwell was on his way to fight in the Spanish Civil War; Miller told him he was an idiot. But what about 'combating fascism, defending democracy', Mr Miller? Balony, he told Orwell. 'Our civilisation was destined to be swept away and replaced by something so different that we should scarcely regard it as human — a prospect which did not bother him, he said' (*Inside the Whale*). Miller's aim was always to assert his complete independence from imposed social values and systems. It was this attitude which forced him to depend, for most of his writing life, on small presses since the larger ones would not risk their reputations, and their bank accounts, by publishing him, even when he became famous.

His first and best book, *Tropic of Cancer*, was published by the Obelisk Press, Paris, in 1934, and thereafter he never wavered from his complete rejection of censorship in any form. Miller's intention was to translate his whole being into a literary form which would express the totality of one man's life: the crap and piles and corns as well as the communion with the gods — and soon the name of Henry Miller became synonymous in the public mind with scabrous pornography and filth. He was reviled, his books were banned and he was even deported from England almost before he had set two feet upon her soil. When eventually *Tropic of Cancer* was published in America in 1961, 68,000 copies were sold in one week; in Britain, two years later, 40,000 went in a single day. Even so, Miller was restricted from leaving the US, to where he had returned from Paris, pending the outcome of charges brought against him for having written the book. Booksellers all over the country were arrested, fined and jailed for peddling his filth.

There is a small incident in *Quiet Days in Clichy* in which Miller, down and out and hungry but still happy, retrieves the last crust of bread from the pail, wipes his backside with

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it and then eats it. Disgusting though it may be when read literally, symbolically it is the gesture of a man who, having reached the lowest point of his existence, has also managed to reject the models of behaviour prepared for him by society. For him this is the point at which liberation begins; liberation from taboo, from norms and values, and therefore from guilt and fear of and for himself. Again and again in the books there is the incident of Miller meeting a strange woman, taking her to a hotel and having intercourse with her, and then, after listening to the inevitable hard luck story, reaching into his pocket and forcing his last bill and cent upon her. He may just have received $100 by post that morning — no matter, she can have the lot, something else may turn up.

Miller was a drop-out from society, in the American tradition of Thoreau and Emerson. The difference between him and those forebears was that instead of withdrawing from the detritus and gutters of society, Miller chose to swim in them: 'I love everything that flows,' he wrote in *Tropic of Cancer*. Sex, the excretory functions, sweat: what Orwell termed the 'dirty handkerchief side of life'. A whole unexplored territory lay before him and, wonderfully and paradoxically, it was the territory secretly inhabited by everyone! Miller would celebrate those secrets precisely because the others wished them to remain hidden: that was the sign of their worth.

Miller's early readers must have been struck not only by the courage needed to bring into the light what normally happens in the dark, but also by the easy-going, colloquial tone of the writing. Reading Miller today is still a refreshing experience: his conversational voice, the wild stories about Boris in *Tropic of Cancer*, the crazy, hilarious tales of hiring and firing in *Tropic of Capricorn*, the homage to the pissoir in *Black Spring*; and everywhere and always the desperate exploits to gain food, money and women. More than any other writer, perhaps, Miller was responsible for the introduction of the author into his own fiction. His influence on succeeding writers went further than merely opening the censor's doors. The colloquial tone and the rambling form found new homes, for better or worse, in Kerouac and in parts of Burroughs. Charles Bukowski learned from — and developed — his use of the autobiographical mode.

Miller married five times and his affairs and casual encounters must have been numerous. He has been accused of treating women as sexual toys, even of hating them. Certainly there *are* sexist attitudes in Miller's writing, yet it is too often overlooked that the foundation of the narrative stance in *Tropic of Cancer* is a deeply romantic one (the narrator is waiting in Paris for his reluctant wife) and that much of the casual sex happens in reaction to the suicidal intensity of this romance. In *Tropic of Capricorn* the sex has a symbolic function: the book is a huge hymn to rebirth — almost all of the 'cosmic' passages celebrate regression to the womb or, anyway, inversion of all progressive norms — and sex is the human activity which most aptly symbolises regeneration. Furthermore, Miller was often dealing with prostitutes who offered him sex very much on the basis on which he took it (there are also many incidences of disastrous, deeper involvements with whores).

By the time he came to write *Sexus*, Lawrence Durrell was accusing him of resembling the pornographer he had once abhorred. It is true that Miller had really said all he had to say in his first three books — the two *Tropics* and *Black Spring* — and that where 'The Story of my Misfortunes' (the title he used to cover all his novels) was concerned, the subject matter was exhausted. The fault of repetition set in and *The Rosy Crucifixion* trilogy lacks the freshness of the earlier books. But the redeeming virtue of everything Miller ever wrote is the humour and the grand generosity of spirit.

Thinking about him just before his death, it would have been difficult to associate him with the scandal he created. This was for two reasons: one was that he had actually succeeded in altering definitions of obscenity — even if the alterations were not entirely to his liking — and the other was that with the advent of age he came to be seen as a harmless, genial old man who played table-tennis as much as he could and still loved to be cossetted by beautiful young women. Hippies came and camped on his lawn and, like the Beats before, claimed Miller as their grandfather. The association between Miller and the literary representatives of the Beats and hippies was always a difficult one for him to accept. Whereas they were prepared to place their faith in facile representations of truth inspired by a watery mysticism or drugs, Miller's pursuit of reality depended upon his willingness to risk everything: his reputation, his chances of serious literary acceptance, his financial security, his life. Above all, perhaps, that is what will continue to endear Miller to those who care for writing and care for living: the example he set in showing that before you can take these things seriously — or they you — you must put them at risk.

His final piece to be published in this country was 'Mother'. It appeared in the *New Edinburgh Review* the day before he died and was inspired by a dream of his death. The power of foresight never failed him.

Vicki Feaver

Journey

At its edge
blonde grass, hedges,
ivy-strangled trees

the occasional
illuminated rash
of town or village.

Inside: the things
we couldn't leave behind us
even if we tried

and voices asking
where we're going,
when will we arrive?

It opens like a tunnel
through a section
of our lives;

a parcel
wrapped in hours
and miles.

We carry its light
in front of us
like eyes:

snow falls
as sparks of fire,
we have a vision of the hills.

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Hermione Lee

Every Sort of Hog

The Life of Katherine Mansfield by ANTONY ALPERS *Cape* £9.50
Gurdjieff and Mansfield by JAMES MOORE *Routledge* £8.95

There was a Christmas party in 1914 at Gilbert Cannan's Buckinghamshire windmill (close to the Lawrences' and the Murrys' cottages) at which everyone got too drunk to carve the suckling pig, and Murry devised a play about himself and Katherine Mansfield (who was about to run off, temporarily, with a lady-killing novelist, Francis Carco). Murry played the husband; Koteliansky (who was in love with Katherine) had to commit suicide as a rejected lover, and Mark Gertler had to seduce her. Their love scene got out of hand, and Katherine refused to follow the script and go back to her husband. Frieda took Gertler outside to reprimand him, and he burst into tears. Murry and Katherine spent the night discussing it all ('very like a Dostoievsky novel', Murry wrote in his Journal). Cannan wrote to Ottoline describing the episode as an expression of war-time hysteria; Gertler told Carrington that all the writers there were going to make use of it; Lawrence (then writing *The Rainbow*) later incorporated it into the Gudrun-Loerke plot of *Women in Love*.

It's an episode which encapsulates, to the point of caricature, the 'tone' of Katherine Mansfield's life and the way in which it offers itself to the biographer. There's her 'role' — one of many — as a *femme fatale*; there's Murry's histrionic, self-absorbed dependence on her; there's the intense, mutually confessional intimacy with the Lawrences, which would end in bitter hostilities; there's the Murrys' edgy, peripheral place in the Garsington-Bloomsbury scenario. Like many of the episodes recounted in her letters and journals, it could make a short story. The life, not just in its well-known stages — the rejection of New Zealand, the bohemianism, the illness abroad without Murry, the early death at Fontainebleau — but in all its details, has a dramatic intensity, a sharp mix of pathos and comic cruelty, which feeds directly into her work. One of the most striking aspects of the stories is their fine, controlled manipulation of personal experience, notably in the outstanding New Zealand stories ('Prelude', 'At the Bay', 'Garden Party'), in the discomforting details of the collection *In a German Pension*, or in the humane satire on Ida Baker's family in 'The Daughters of the Late Colonel'. The most impressive of all are the stories which project Katherine Mansfield's feelings into a male character: 'The Man Without a Temperament', 'The Fly', and 'A

Married Man's Story':

> You know those stories of little children who are suckled by wolves and accepted by the tribe, and how for ever after they move freely among their fleet, grey brothers? Something like that has happened to me. But wait! That about the wolves won't do. Curious! Before I wrote it down, while it was still in my head, I was delighted with it. It seemed to express, and more, to suggest, just what I wanted to say. But written, I can smell the falseness immediately and the . . . source of the smell is in that word fleet. Don't you agree? Fleet, grey brothers! 'Fleet'. A word I never use . . . Why is it so difficult to write simply — and not simply only but *sotto voce*, if you know what I mean? That is how I long to write. No fine effects — no bravura. But just the plain truth, as only a liar can tell it.

But it's tempting to believe that even if Katherine Mansfield's importance as a short story writer and a literary figure of the 1920s (and in particular the very high quality of the stories I've named) were not firmly established, she would still be a biographer's dream.

Antony Alpers, a livelier and more stylish writer than her last biographer Jeffrey Meyers, takes full opportunity of these anecdotal possibilities, in this (much longer) supersession of his earlier book. Himself a New Zealander by birth, he catches particularly well the landscape and society used for the family stories, 'Prelude' and 'At the Bay'. There are vivid childhood scenes in the summer beach house (with the 'ice-blue peak of Tapuaenuku' seen beyond the harbour entrance, and dusk falling suddenly over Wellington) and, later, a clear picture of the discontented Miss Beauchamp, back from school in London, sitting upstairs in her room trying out different names in her journal ('She was quite determined to be someone else'). He re-tells the well-documented episodes freshly: Katherine watching in distaste as Lawrence makes 'a horrible blind rush' at Frieda round the kitchen table in Cornwall ('he thumped the big soft woman'); Katherine quietly taking Lawrence's poems away from a Café Royal tableful of jeering readers (*not* Philip Heseltine and Michael Arlen, Alpers establishes); Katherine crossing to France alone in war-time, her tuberculosis just confirmed, wearing a new muff, and reaching Le Havre in a snow-storm; Katherine lying, a month before her death, in a hayloft which

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Gurdjieff had had furnished with paintings and Persian hangings, listening to the cows being milked.

Sometimes it feels as though the materials are being over-used: both Alpers and Meyers, for instance, transcribe the Murrys' disastrous journey to Switzerland in 1922 almost word for word from Katherine's journal. But Alpers has a great deal of new information, uses a wide range of sources, and is not content with the established version of, for instance, Murry's behaviour, which he treats as sympathetically as it's possible to do. He sets the life and work in its literary context — there are interesting details about Orage's 'literary desperadoes' on the *New Age* and about the reactions to Murry's *Rhythm* (Rupert Brooke: 'It's all by people who do good work and are under thirty-five'). He incorporates all the hostile views of Katherine Mansfield: Orage caricatured her in a story as 'an empty husk, as promiscuous as a rabbit, as responsible as a bubble, and as deceitful as a cat'; Wyndham Lewis, just before her death, called her 'the famous New Zealand Mag.-story writer, in the grip of the Levantine psychic shark'; Lawrence, appallingly, wrote to her in 1920: 'You are a loathsome reptile — I hope you will die.'

At the same time he tries carefully to make sense of the crucial relationships, with her father, with Murry, with the much-needed and much-resented Ida Baker, with Lawrence and with Orage, and to be judicious and clear about the difficult parts of the life, such as her over-reaction to her brother's death and her susceptibility towards Gurdjieff. A much more enthusiastic and highly-coloured version of this relationship is given in James Moore's *Gurdjieff and Mansfield*. By alternating chapters about his two subjects he gives the impression that they spent their lives inevitably drawing towards each other, via Orage and Ouspensky, and that Mansfield's last days at Fontainebleau were much better for her than we've been led to believe by the 'absurd' Murry ('a figure of farce under cruel arc lights of a surrealist stage'). Moore, a vulgarly and relentlessly chatty writer, much given to sweeping bird's eye views of history ('While Mr Joyce and Mr Eliot were experimenting with new modalities of allusion . . . the Great European War staggered bloodily to a halt') and yet to a modest rectitude about individuals ('To follow Katherine and Murry through all the vicissitudes of their early relationship is impossible here. They were a man and a woman; at times they were happy, at times they were sad'), fails to convince at least one reader of the wondrousness of Gurdjieff, particularly when he gets to his Ayatollaish pronouncements about women. (*These* the last beliefs of Katherine Mansfield?):

> Woman is from ground, and only hope for her to arise to another stage of development — to go to Heaven as you say — is *with* man. Woman already know everything, but such knowledge is of no use to her, in fact can be almost poison to her, unless have man with her.

Alpers's more rational and discriminating biography also has its sensational side. Its selling point is, of course, its uncovering of even more details than Meyers had accumulated about Katherine Mansfield's chaotic sex life before she lived with Murry. Her teenage lesbianism, her one-night marriage, her pregnancy by another man (the incredibly named Garnet Trowell), her miscarriage in Germany, the belatedly diagnosed gonnorheal infection, her series of experimental affairs — what Virginia Woolf aloofly called her 'having gone every sort of hog' — certainly make lurid reading, and explain the cold eye which the stories cast on suffering and squalor.

But these aren't, in fact, the most interesting parts of the book. Alpers's argument that Theocritus, not Chekhov, is a primary inspiration: the comparisons he draws with Rilke, and his persuasive suggestion that a letter by Katherine Mansfield sparked off a major change of direction in Virginia Woolf's writing, 'Kew Gardens', are much more absorbing than the detective work on how many hours she spent with her first husband. The 'sensational' parts of the biography recommend it less than its literary alertness, its sense of place and period, and, most of all, its conscientious pursuit of the 'true', essential self of an exceptionally elusive assumer of self-made roles and inconsistent 'personalities'. At a moving point in the *Journal*, a year before her death, she contemplates 'our persistent yet mysterious belief in a self which is continuous and permanent'. At the end of Alpers's long book, that central self of Katherine Mansfield — prickly, affectionate, sardonic, never quite accepted by the tribe and desperately intent on doing good work before the time was up — is fully felt.

John Lucas

Endlessly

The Middle Ground by MARGARET DRABBLE
Weidenfeld £5.95

There are occasions in *The Middle Ground* when Margaret Drabble reminds us that we're reading a novel. For example: 'Ted's parents — but one could go on endlessly, and why not, for there seems little point in allowing space to one set of characters rather than another?' That inevitably recalls a famous moment in *Middlemarch*. 'One morning, some weeks after her arrival at Lowick, Dorothea — but why always Dorothea?' Yet there's a crucial difference. For *Middlemarch* makes us understand the points of view of all its characters, and therefore has a genuine and functional shapeliness, whereas *The Middle Ground* is random and therefore shapeless, and does indeed seem to go on endlessly.

This is partly because it's written in a prose-style that plods its weary way among thickets of double- and triple-piled clichés, and variously comic and infuriating illiteracies. In *The Middle Ground* there are 'cries of hate from the sexual battleground'; wars 'rage' and nations are 'strife-torn'. Kate Armstrong, the novel's heroine, is said to 'begin, posthumously, to feel sympathy', hotels are described as like 'huge great liners', an area looks 'derelict, abandoned', a bosom swells 'powerfully and strongly', someone has 'tiny thin little ankles', someone else tries hard 'to constrain himself', and 'a faithful dog' looks up 'with an expression of alert fidelity'. (So *that's* how faithful dogs look up.) At one point a man maintains 'that as a child she [his mother] had deserted him'. And so on. And on.

The central characters of *The Middle Ground*, Kate and Hugo Mainwaring, are journalists, uncertain of who or what they believe in or are about. There's a half-hearted attempt to suggest that this is because they're basically selfish people, Kate especially. 'She leaned forward, widening her pale bright blue give-away impenetrable eyes at him. They were full of the hard glitter of deep sympathy, deep interest, deep devouring self.' But perhaps not surprisingly, Kate isn't really presented as much more than a focal point for the middle ground. (After all, it must be difficult to keep *that* look up.) 'Between the *Daily Telegraph* and the picket line' is how she puts it, and we're invited to see her as a Jill Tweedie-style, safely fashionable columnist. Kate is approaching middle-age, has teenage children from a failed marriage, and friends who are also middle-aged and coping with or getting out of failed marriages.

The Middle Ground is a bad novel because assertion is about all we ever get. We are

Among this week's contributors:

ROBERT WISTRICH is editor of *The Wiener Library Bulletin* and author of *Trotsky: Fate of a Revolutionary* and *Revolutionary Jews from Marx to Trotsky.*

JAMES CAMPBELL edits the *New Edinburgh Review.*

TERENCE RANGER is Professor of Modern History at Manchester. His books include *The African Voice in Southern Rhodesia 1898-1930.*

JOHN LUCAS's *The Melancholy Man* and *The Literature of Change* are being re-issued this year.

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repeatedly told what people think, feel, how they look; but we get very little in the way of action. Apropos of Mujid, Kate, and the statements made about their political ideologies, you have only to think, by way of comparison, of Nadine Gordimer's recent, intensely dramatic novel, *Burger's Daughter,* to see why *The Middle Ground* won't begin to do. It's all telling, and remarkably dull telling at that. So when the novelist wants us to know something about Kate's early years she simply says, 'Here is an account of Kate's past history, some, if not all, of which must have led her to wherever she is now'. (But which bits, we're surely entitled to ask, and why bother with the rest?) And when she wants us to know about Hugo's past she has him sit down at the typewriter and tell his own life story.

Moreover, in *The Middle Ground* we are repeatedly set up for scenes that don't take place. For example, we're told of a 'Eurocrat' who wants to prove to Kate that he's the strong man she needs. It could provide the opportunity to put Kate's fashionable feminism to the test, but in fact we never get to see the man. What we do get is endless and pointless trivia, which may be the stuffing of life but isn't the stuff of art. '[Kate] had had lunch in a pub before making her way to the school — a round of cheese and pickle and a double tomato juice, what could be nicer ...' Well, plenty of things. A competently written novel, for one.

Terence Ranger

Zimbabwean Prospects

From Rhodesia to Zimbabwe: Behind and Beyond Lancaster House edited by W.H. Morris-Jones *Frank Cass* £12

A Short Thousand Years: The End of Rhodesia's Rebellion by PAUL MOORCRAFT *Galaxie Press, Salisbury*

Now that we have recovered from astonishment at the miraculous success of the transition to majority rule in Zimbabwe it is hard to know whether to laugh or cry at its recent history and its immediate prospects. There has been plenty for savage mirth in the Gilbertian farce of Lord Soames's Governorship; the electoral techniques of Bishop Muzorewa; the bland hypocrisy of Britain's insistence that all white landowners should be fully compensated for any land acquired while at the same time doing nothing to ensure that funds for compensation will be available. There is plenty for tears in the current predicament of Zimbabwe: the hunger and disease; the burden of debts incurred by the old regime; the passive resistance of white civil servants. The books under review adopt these alternative stances. *From Rhodesia to Zimbabwe* is a sadly realistic book; *A Short Thousand Years* sets out to be 'satirical'.

From Rhodesia to Zimbabwe represents something of a publishing achievement. It consists of four lectures originally given in October and November of last year, together with three additionally commissioned papers. It was published on 17 April 1980, the day before Zimbabwean Independence. It provides a great deal of valuable information. The only thing for which we can rebuke the publishers is the quite excessive price of £12 for a mere 123 pages; maybe it is symbolic that anything useful to Zimbabwe is likely to be too expensive for Zimbabweans to afford.

The first three chapters of the book come from men already familiar to readers concerned with Zimbabwe. Roger Riddell writes on the land problem; Colin Stoneman on industrial prospects; the prolific Duncan Clarke on sanctions and their removal. All three solidly document the problems of inequality, of recession, of unemployment. They show that Africans have suffered from the war and the consequent malfunctioning of the Rhodesian economy. More alarmingly still, they show that even without the war the functioning of the Rhodesian economy was threatening a South African-style marginalisation of Africans: capital- and technologically-intensive agri-business, controlled from outside the territory, has come to produce by far the greater part of Rhodesian food and has made it possible for the Smith regime to disregard and even to seek to destroy African agricultural production.

All three strive to mark out a possible way forward; a practical path of reform which might bring about greater social justice; a policy for agriculture which might restore prosperity to African peasant farming; industrial growth which might provide employment; and all this without bringing about the collapse of the present structures of production and administration. Written before the elections, all three chapters deal with a wide variety of possible outcomes. All speak of a victory for the Patriotic Front as by far the most desirable outcome, since no other regime would have the impulse to seek significant change. But much of the rest of the book implies that a Patriotic Front regime will face enormous difficulties in bringing about reform. Richard Hodder-Williams concludes that 'neither the imaginative ideas for land reform and industrial development to which Roger Riddell and Colin Stoneman drew attention nor the hopeful possibilities for productive investment ... outlined by Duncan Clarke, are likely to occur'. Anthony Wilkinson emphasises that 'the return of large number of guerillas and refugees will impose an immense extra burden on an already critical unemployment situation'. As Hodder-Williams remarks, 'the general threnody' of the book will fill 'most observers with a humbling realisation of the enormity of the tasks facing the politicians'.

If anybody has unrealistic expectations of Mr Mugabe this book will provide an admirable antidote. Maybe it will turn out to be *too* sensibly realistic, too rooted in facts and figures and scenarios, not enough open to the fantasies of Africa. Perhaps, then, Paul Moorcroft can offer an alternative tool for opening up the situation, what one of the reviewers cited on his dust-jacket calls his 'viciously incisive sense of humour ... analysis spiced with wit, humour and ... daring'. The white lords of Rhodesia, after all, have long been open to satire for their humourless pomposity; their extraordinary backwoods notion of the world. No doubt the African nationalist movements possess excrescences of rhetoric and self-indulgence which could well do with being sheared away by satire.

Alas, *A Short Thousand Years* is an unworthy and depressing book. It relies for its 'humour' on reprinted *Rhodesia Herald* cartoons. A fair idea of its 'wit' can be gained from some of the Rhodesian jokes it rescues from obscurity. Of the Victoria Falls bridge talks in 1975 about which 'some white Rhodesians were very rude ... they talked about the "chatter-nigger choo-choo" '; or from the 'humorous article' which first appeared in a Rhodesian business magazine featuring 'Dr Robert Muggabugga, Six-star Field Marshall-in-Chief of ZAPOW (Zimbabwe Army for Pippin' Off de Whites)'. Its 'daring' largely consists in being mildly rude to P. K. Van der Byl. As a narrative of recent history the book cannot compare with Martin Meredith's *The Past is Another Country.* Indeed, the book's only utility is that it accurately reflects the atmosphere of the Smith regime. It is a final and conclusive indictment of that regime that under it a book like this could appear funny, witty and daring.

Moorcroft expresses his hope that 'the new Government will tolerate satirical writers'. Even if the Mugabe Government cannot readily re-distribute large quantities of land or create large numbers of jobs, one hopes that its coming to power will have released a humour much more profound and creative than anything Mr Moorcroft has to offer.

The Policing of Families

Jacques Donzelot

Translated by Robert Hurley with an introduction by Gilles Deleuze

"This is a superb book, an absolutely indispensable book, which cuts through old debates about the family and helps to put the whole subject on a new footing... I don't see how anyone can read this book and still cling to old ways of seeing the subject." **Christopher Lasch**

"It is a fascinating book — astonishingly suggestive and maddeningly irritating in about equal parts. It really forces one to think again about familiar things — e.g. when did 'The Social' start... My copy is heavily underlined and marked with ! s and ?! s, which means I couldn't leave it alone." **Stuart Hall**

The Policing of Families certainly has remarkable passages, some of them quite striking and perhaps significant." **Peter Laslett**

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Benedict Nightingale

Who Gets Eaten?

Sweeney Todd by STEPHEN SONDHEIM *Drury Lane*
Hamlet by SHAKESPEARE *Stratford*
Tomfool by FRANZ KROETZ *Half Moon*
Buried Child by SAM SHEPARD *Hampstead*

What one thinks of *Sweeney Todd* depends on the angle from which one sees it. If I, who barely have the musical literacy to distinguish Bartok from Berg, were an opera critic and the show itself was shifted 200 yards downtown, to Covent Garden, I daresay I would be assailing it as derivative, jejeune, or worse. Since my professional experience consists rather of *On the Twentieth Century, Barnardo* and the like, I am perhaps inclined to be overimpressed by its pungent lyrics, grim tunes and general disinclination to make concessions to frolicsome convention or tripping tradition. Again, if I was here on cultural safari from Andromeda or Vega Minor, I might be a bit puzzled by the sight of all those svelte and sophisticated first-nighters wildly acclaiming an entertainment all about a barber who slits throat after throat, dispatches body after body to be minced into pies, and is himself then jugulated by the boy his grisly excesses have driven stark mad. On my return home I would compose an anthropological treatise called *Munching in the Abattoir: the psychopathology of vicarious cannibalism in English social classes A, B and C-1;* and not, probably, go back.

To come clean, I admire what Sondheim has made of the Todd legend much more than what Harold Prince has done with his blueprint. Some objections and qualifications are, of course, inevitable. The barber's pattersong with Mrs Lovett about recipes and menus — 'looks thicker, more like vicar' — seems inappropriately mischievous, even playful. The attempts to involve the audience by such ruses as pointing ghoulishly into the auditorium — 'there he is, it's Sweeney, Sweeney, Sweeney!' — are too sporadic to be more than fashionable gestures in the vague direction of 'relevant' theatre. Similarly, the show's social ire — 'the history of the world, my sweet, is who gets eaten and who gets to eat' — comes across as well-intentioned decoration, a sprinkling of Brecht on a bucket of blood. Yet even these might have been assimilated into a coherent whole, given a production that was more concentrated, intenser, more daring with the grotesque, more inventive with the savage. In the world of showbiz Prince has been upgraded to emperor since he transformed *Evita* from a goodish musical into a considerable one; but those who look closely may suspect that he has come to *Sweeney* without all his clothes.

Something must be wrong when the record of a show shivers the timbers more than the show itself. The factory-whistle that interrupts the sombre organ of the overture sounds just like a factory-whistle, and not at all like the sudden, shocking, askew and ominous shriek it resembled on disc; and the diminution is, alas, characteristic. In New York the Uris Theatre was apparently transformed into a vast Dickensian mill, crammed with clanking wheels, belts and ratchets; in London, the industrial undertones and overtones are vaguer, the stage simply looks large and rather empty, and the boys and girls of the chorus often seem to be there because they're there because they're there. Were some of them really Aldwych extras taking a desultory breather from the rigours of the RSC's *Nicholas Nickleby,* 200 yards uptown? Certainly, Prince badly botches his biggest choric challenge, which comes when the sailor-hero rescues Sweeney's daughter from an asylum, and the inmates sprawl out into the night, singing of rats in the street, hunchbacks kissing, lunatics yelling at the moon, and other amiable phenomena. Some unintelligibility was no doubt inevitable, given the fizz and compression of the words; but confusion becomes outright incomprehensibility when the madmen simply scamper diagonally across the stage in a reddish light gabbling in what might as well be Serbo-Croat, leaving the impression of a down-at-heel group of foreign tourists trying and failing to find their way from Soho to Nelson's Column.

The main performances are much more purposeful and precise. Sheila Hancock, responsible for the pastry department, once again displays her talent for twee villainy, implying that androtomy and androphagy are the sort of business details it isn't genteel to dwell on; and Denis Quilley, in charge of ingredients, has some marvellously sinister and sensational moments, notably when he falls orgasmically to his knees, face agape and lips glinting with saliva, just after he's polished off the wicked judge who seduced his wife, stole his daughter, and transported him. Yet there were times when I wondered if Miss Hancock's sly comedy needed a little acid as additive, and, more importantly, if Mr Quilley's smiler with the knife wasn't losing touch with the boiling innards supposedly sustaining him. One day, perhaps, we'll see *Sweeney* revived in a smallish theatre, with a tiny chorus, an atmosphere charged as strongly with menace as with brutal laughter, and songs put across with adders' tongues; and then we might have what Sondheim presumably aimed at, a popular opera about nothing less than human evil. Until then I suppose we have to put up with the relatively loose and diffuse version Harold Prince has offered us.

Another prince got off on the wrong foot, not to say ear, with me last week. First, Michael Pennington's Hamlet mourned his 'sullied' instead of 'solid' flesh, a reading that could appeal only to the very deaf, grossly unimaginative, or obtusely pedantic. Next, the ghost scene, 200 years ago the most chilling point of the play, is effectively ruined by a spook so corporeal he took exaggerated care not to trip on a step and then sat down for a paternal natter with his mildly stunned boy. But then the solid, rather than sullied, intelligence of John Barton's direction began to assert itself, especially in its exact handling of supporting roles: Barbara Leigh-Hunt's Gertrude, Carol Royle's Ophelia, above all Tony Church's Polonius. There's been a tendency of late to reduce the last character to a callous, serpentine bureaucrat, an emphasis that makes his brood's reaction to his death incomprehensible. Mr Church gives us a well-meaning public servant and a fond, fussy father, snappish only in what he believes to be his children's best interests.

Pennington's prince is more in the sweetish tradition of Forbes-Robertson, Gielgud and Jacobi than in the harsher one of Olivier, Williamson and Pryce. He has some lively moments with Ophelia, whom he proceeds to treat with unusual viciousness, implying unusual involvement; but the general tone is set in his grave, measured manner at the start. I suspect he was reading theology at Wittenberg; and at his worst he sounds less like heaven's 'scourge and minister' than a sermonising C of E vicar. Fortunately, he's more often at his best, which is thoughtful, sensitive, vocally various, and pleasing to hear. If something had been lit rather deeper in him, and allowed to scorch his spleen and singe his bowels, he might even have proved a great Hamlet. As it is, he's a pretty good one.

Tomfool, by the author of *Stallerhof,* is an exemplary documentary, drab, relentless, yet strangely absorbing, about the prejudices, fears, frustrations and petit-bourgeois follies of a BMW worker. He loses wife, son, but not a pigheadedness Kroetz evidently thinks symptomatic. And *Buried Child,* meaning lost innocence, takes us deep into Norman Rockwell country, to show us as gruesome a family as O'Neill and Lizzie Borden could have concocted in collaboration. With Stephen Rea a glumly homicidal granddad, Tony Rohr the week's second mad barber, Neil Johnston zonked, and Philip Davis slowly sucked under by the assembled tentacles, this is as striking a contribution to the gallery of American grotesques as even Sam Shepard has made. And he specialises in the job.

Television

Julian Barnes

Toy-Break

I apologise for the appalling misprints in my last piece. Quite how 'Cawley to beat Lloyd in two sets', the pinpoint prediction which left my typewriter a week ago, got turned into 'Navratilova to beat Austin in three' is one of those production mysteries that make me feel like Paul Johnson; and there was also the matter of 'four' for 'five' and 'Connors' for 'McEnroe' in my other, equally correct analysis. I mean, it makes you look such a fool.

Wimbledon 80, a tournament generally high on rain nerves but low on tennis drama, came good in the end. It also came noisier. Miss Austin, for instance, has this year developed a little squeal of the sort normally provoked by stepping on a jerbil; it doesn't come automatically but, once embarked on, is

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repeated with her every stroke until the point is decided. In the men's semi-final the McEnroe service bellow of 'Waaaawaaaaah' confronted Connors's briefer, but more violent 'Nwugh'. In the final 'Waaaawaaaah' played the entirely silent Iceborg plus a jeering crowd all pretending that they were Italian waiters and the match was between Panatta and Barazzutti.

Even Dan Maskell got excited, referring in the ladies' final to something called a 'toy-break', thus raising again the annual Wimbledon question of Is Dan Really Posh? Unless, of course, this was an intended, picturesque expression, indicating that we had reached the point in the match where childish things were put away and the men were separated from the boys — or girls, as the case might be. This ladies' final was thoroughly pleasing and indecently good-tempered (it's nice, too, that the Centre Court crowd are finally approving of Mrs Lloyd). The men's final, on the other hand, took us deep into cardiac arrest territory. That 20-minute, 34-point toy-break in the fourth set had me sipping gallons of digitalis tea, and finally dispelled any lingering belief that the toy-break is a cheap and luckyish decision-making process. The final was far too tormenting to be actually enjoyable, and had the added, intensifying element of both players getting better and better as the match proceeded.

It also had the less welcome element of the commentators getting worse and worse. John Barrett and Mark Cox fought it out for the honour of challenging Ann Jones for the Vacuous Trophy (awarded for mind-reading through a monitor). They were so close it went to a toy-break. Barrett announced confidently of McEnroe, 'And it's *absolutely impossible* to tell what's going through his mind'; Cox, a few minutes later, picked up the gauntlet by declaring of Borg, then 2-1 up in the final set, 'His mind is back on the match' — as if the Swede had lost out in the fourth set because he kept thinking about the shopping, or the bridesmaids' presents he was going to have to buy for Bucharest. In fact, the only indicator of the mental condition of either of them was the size of McEnroe's face, which appeared to puff up whenever he was boiling with rage or frustration. It was as if he'd just been stung by a colossal bumble-bee. Or a colossal bumble-borg.

The return this year of post-match interviews with the players is very welcome (and it would be interesting to know what backstage arrangements were involved). Interviews with members of the players' retinues are a riskier business. Pa McEnroe was seen loyally backing his boy, declaring that he was on business when he played, and that it wasn't his job to smile: 'Chris Evert is rather the same way'. You could see his point until, the very next day, Mrs Evert-Lloyd splashed a drop-shot into the net, giving Mrs Cawley three championship points, and promptly broke into the tournament's most fetching, and most piquant smile. McEnroe might start affording such smiles when he has a couple of Wimbledons under his belt (which can't be far away); though I wouldn't lay odds.

Pa McEnroe was back again on *Around With Rook* (BBC-1), which I turned on expecting a female version of *Around With Alliss*. Not so; the lady in question still hacks a meaty divot, her interrogatory principle being that it doesn't matter where the ball goes as long as the shot makes a lot of turf fly. Ms Rook — 'This is Fleet Street and I am the first lady of it' — has the bracing effusiveness of a barmaid in one of those pubs where the name of 'Mine host' is carved in gothic letters on a wooden plaque and screwed to the wall. A sort of earlier evolutionary model for Janeh-Sree-Pawer, she took us round a string of awfully familiar people (Harvey Smith, Larry Hagman, Janet Brown) while displaying a string of awfully dead animals round her neck. At the Guards Polo Club a fox had committed suicide by hurling itself at her sternum; at Ascot a steamrollered skunk was laid out over her left shoulder; and so on. Long before the end my viewing companions were reduced to a rowdy scuffle about whether she looked more like Kit Wright, the English poet, or Divine, the American female impersonator. This column is aloof from such matters, and probably isn't offering a Wilson for other suggestions.

Another rowdy scuffle took place this week over who should review *Jane Austen in Manhattan* (LWT); John Coleman finally smacked and wheedled me into submission. Having watched it, I'm laughing. Watch *his* space.

Music

Andrew Clements

Niche-Fit

City of London Sinfonia *Elizabeth Hall*
BBC College Concerts *Radio 3*

Among that generation of British composers born after the second world war and now bustling to establish themselves, Nigel Osborne has emerged as one of the names to follow. In eight weeks this summer three major works will be given first performances, and the BBC College Concerts, recorded through the winter at music colleges and now being broadcast, have already included the first British performances of two more. Osborne is in demand for commissions from almost every promoter of contemporary music; inasmuch as any composer in his early thirties can be successful in a meaningful way, he is successful. His music is neatly turned out, usually written for practical instrumental combinations and to a length that makes programme-building straightforward; but that is equally true of a number of his contemporaries. Exactly why he has achieved what he has would make an interesting case study in the mechanics of contemporary music-making in this country.

At present success on the Continent seems to be a necessary prelude to making a mark at home for a young British composer — witness the progress of Ferneyhough and Finnissy — and Osborne worked the competition circuit most effectively, winning important prizes in Switzerland and the Netherlands in the early Seventies, before making the breakthrough here with a Redcliffe Award in 1977. Then — a critical moment — his music was taken up by the BBC. *I am Goya*, a setting (in Russian) of a poem by Voznesensky and the piece that won him the Redcliffe prize, was broadcast several times and other works have followed it. Exposure on Radio 3 has become the surest benchmark of status; those composers whom the BBC chooses (whether consciously or not) to promote have a headstart on their fellows. It must be said, however, that Osborne's intelligence and craftsmanship have more than sustained this initial momentum unaided.

After reading music at Oxford, Osborne spent a year in Poland, gaining experience of working in electronic music and a thorough knowledge of the Polish avant garde. Perhaps as a result of this his music seems much more clearly 'European' than that of many of his British contemporaries; it may sometimes lack the clear individuality of, say, Holloway or Finnissy, but it relates more audibly to the mainstream of developments in Europe in the last 20 years. There is an inviting niche for a composer who is so palpably outward-looking, and a distinct line can be traced back through Osborne to Lutoslawski and Ligeti, and to the techniques that succeeded serialism as the mainspring of the radical composer, in which microtones are freely distributed, the supremacy of the vertical aggregate over the horizontal musical line is re-established, and tonality is used unabashedly when the expressive demands require it. Osborne's work can be understood well by audiences to whom that music is familiar; he does not disconcert, but neither is he conservative. To call it contemporary music without tears would be to belittle it, but it does lie rather more easily alongside established repertory works than that of some of his peers.

The pair of works in the College Concerts illustrated these virtues well, and in the case of his Cello Concerto at least, how sometimes such modest qualities are transcended. *The Sickle* was written in 1975, taking poems by Esenin and Mayakovsky (Osborne has an evident fondness for the poetry of Soviet Russia), setting them in a two-part work for soprano and orchestra and contrasting the sentiments of the two poets, the first (Esenin) mourning the demise of the pre-revolutionary peasant society, the Mayakovsky celebrating the achievements of the Revolution. The effect is simple and dramatically cogent, and the musical structure instantly communicable. The achievement here is in making a relatively complex musical language pointed and direct. The Cello Concerto, however, written two years later, is more complicated on every level. It is built in a single movement, beginning very slowly and softly with the simplest of melodic cells and building gradually (it lasts just under 20 minutes) to a busy, noisy climax; the core of the work, one suspects, is to be found in the unwinding reflective passage which closes the work, and in which the chordal implications of all the preceding music are finally resolved But such a bald description of the concerto's architecture hardly hints at the beauty of many of its textures, or indicates how skilfully the development is paced and tensior generated.

Osborne's present exploration of th possibilities of concerto-style works and th dramatic potential of a solo instrument has le to a whole clutch of such pieces. The Flut Concerto, commissioned by the City of Lon don Sinfonia and first performed by them conducted by Richard Hickox, and the flautis Aurèle Nicolet in a regrettably approximat performance, turns these preoccupations t more severely classical account. The concert adopts the traditional three-movement forı of fast-slow-fast, the outer movements embe

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ding the soloist in many layers of metres and sets of pitches, the central slow movement providing an oasis of calm and order which leads the flute through a series of the seven 'sharp' keys, becoming gradually more serene and naturally expressive. The music hints at darker recesses quite foreign to the classical (or neoclassical) flute concerto; the ending (the effect was quite lost at the first performance) is a sudden flurry which recalls the opening, and immediately breaks down one's preconceptions of an ordered progression from beginning to end. Osborne's music may fulfil many of the expectations placed upon it, but from time to time it contradicts them to powerful and disturbing effect.

Popular Music

Charles Fox

Roots

African Rhythm and African Sensibility by JOHN MILLER CHERNOFF *Chicago* £14
The Latin Tinge by JOHN STORM ROBERTS *Oxford* £8.50
Lost Highway: Journeys and Arrivals of American Musicians by PETER GURALNICK *Godine* £8.50 & £3.95

It will soon be half a century since Constant Lambert fulminated — sometimes in these columns — against the Appalling Popularity of Music. By which he meant the omnipresence of the wireless and gramophone, both creating, as he saw it, indifference rather than appreciation. Juke-boxes in pubs, Muzak in lifts, wowing tapes in wine bars: all add weight to Lambert's condemnation of the deadening impact of universal melody. Yet other societies have, and do, come off better. Few activities in Africa seem complete without some sort of musical counterpoint; both Harlem and Spanish Harlem have a bubbling street culture of their own. Even whitey made it too. Throughout the American West and Southwest in the early 1930s Saturday night radio meant 'Grand Ole Opry'.

But in each of those cases (and others could be cited) the music reflected a way of life; it was a genuine popular art. Not the kind of thing for major record companies to cultivate nowadays, when profitability depends upon selling to a nation rather than a region, with everybody — which means nobody in particular — envisaged as the market. None of these three books sets out to explore this anomaly (although Peter Guralnick dilates upon it in passing), yet each of them acknowledges its existence. And, ironically enough, between them they cover all the separate elements which combined to make Afro-American music, the raw material of our century's pop culture.

John Miller Chernoff travelled to West Africa to learn to play African drums (he succeeded well enough to get tipped by the paramount chief of Tamale). An academic desperately anxious to be unacademic, he recounts his first steps with a pleasing gaucheness, coming across rather like a Robinson Crusoe determined to learn from Man Friday rather than to instruct him. He got tipsy — gin, scotch and a potent local brew, all supplied by the fetish priest — during ritual ceremonies, but found the dead masters' drumsticks — part of the initiation equipment — too lumpy for him to sleep with them under his pillow. Buoyed up by a collective expertise, he had no trouble picking up rhythms in public; practising alone he stumbled again and again.

Sceptical about the way most Western musicologists analyse a music based on polyrhythms in terms of one obsessed with harmony, Chernoff nevertheless supplies useful notated examples. Yet his main concern is with African music as the embodiment of a community, ritualising rather than reflecting it. Pure music in those surroundings is a nonsense; function becomes the rule, even very specific functions (Ashanti children singing special songs to cure a bedwetter, or Hutu men in a canoe singing one song when they're paddling with the current, another when paddling against it). Even history gets passed on that way; so precisely in fact that in Dahomey, Benin and Ashanti it was once a capital offence to make a mistake when drumming the chief's lineage.

Similar observances — and similar rhythms and songs — got taken to the New World by the slaves. In the American South these mingled with Anglo-Saxon hymns and attitudes — except in Spanish- or French-occupied Louisiana. In Cuba the mix was with Spanish, in Brazil with Portuguese, in Mexico a blend of Spanish and Indian. John Storm Roberts involves himself less than Chernoff (no interviews, no on-the-spot reporting), yet he supplies first a country-by-country, then a decade-by-decade account of what happened — and particularly of the impact upon American popular music.

Some tunes — 'La Paloma', 'Estrellita' — crossed over early; so did dances like the tango. But the significant break-through came in 1931, when Don Azpiazu's Havana Casino Orchestra appeared on Broadway, not only ushering in a hit-song ('The Peanut Vendor') but deploying those percussion instruments — whirring, clicking, scraping, all very African — that are now accepted almost as a part of everyday musical life. There had already been some interaction with jazz. When Jelly Roll Morton reminisced about 'the Spanish tinge' in New Orleans, suggests Roberts, he probably meant the Cuban *habanera* or the Mexican influences (Lorenzo Tio, Sr. and Alcide 'Yellow' Nunez, two clarinettists usually described as Creoles, were actually of Mexican descent).

Brazil supplied, successively, the maxixe, the samba and — in the early 1960s — the bossa-nova. But it was actually Cuba, with a purer African strain than anywhere else, that really made the running, following up the rumba with — in the 1940s and 1950s — the mambo. Dizzy Gillespie, who sat in with Cuban bands almost as soon as he arrived in New York, has complained that Afro-American music lacked the polyrhythms of Latin-American music simply because English plantation owners forbade their slaves to play drums, while the Spanish and French were more easy-going.

That prohibition may have been rationalised as preventing possible insurrection ('talking drums', after all, could spread sedition faster than any underground pamphlet), yet more probably it was based upon the puritan distaste of sensuality, a horror of seeing dancers squirming in public. That moral stance has been preserved until recent times. A startling number of the country-and-western performers that Peter Guralnick writes about (his book is really a set of interviews) were reared in fundamentalist households. Jerry Lee Lewis was reluctant to record 'Great Balls of Fire' because of what he felt to be the song's blasphemous attitude towards the 'fire' prophesied in *Revelations*. Sleepy LaBeef (he turned up at Wembley last year) often passes the time listening to tapes of dialogues between a Florida evangelist, the Rev. R. E. Bayer, and an Ohio preacher known as the Walking Bible.

Until the commercial take-over of country-and-western, with its establishment of Nashville as a rival to Disneyland, the singers usually had something in common with those Southern poor whites who can be glimpsed — mouths tightly clamped, eyes suspicious of the camera — in photo after photo in Guralnick's book. Stoical, prejudiced, human, their yearnings were reflected in a dead-pan style, sentimental yet bleak.

In a consumer society success quickly separates a singer from his roots — and Guralnick has much to say about the loneliness of the touring star. He considers other paradoxes too: the existence of black country-and-western singers, for instance (it was only when DeFord Bailey started appearing in public in the 1930s that 'Grand Ole Opry' listeners realised he was not white). But traditions were never that watertight. There had been overlapping between the ballads of Mexican chicanos and Texan cowboys. Jimmie Rodgers, the most potent influence in country music, in blue yodel after blue yodel ('T for Texas', began the most famous of them) employed the form if not the emotionalism of black music. When Elvis Presley arrived, merging black rhythm-and-blues with white country sounds, a sneer on his lips, using his guitar like a phallic tommy-gun, shocked old-timers rebuked him for 'niggerising the music'.

And blues, the most enduring of black American idioms, is where Peter Guralnick begins and where he ends. Oddly enough, Chernoff fails to relate American blues to the African beginnings — probably because they descend from the griot songs of the inland savannah regions rather than the drum music of the coastal rain-forests. But each author in his way illustrates the kind of revival that a living tradition makes possible, the way the new and the old can be fused. So salsa, blending Cuban music with jazz, excites audiences in Spanish Harlem. And dancers in African night clubs display exactly the same integrity as they would taking part in a village ritual. The frivolous and the solemn are not aesthetic categories, only different ways of participating.

JM 12
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Liverpool Exhibition XII
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The Pathetic Fallacy

STUART HOOD examines the films of Michael Snow

AVANT-GARDE FILMS make otherwise intelligent, liberal, tolerant people uneasy, bored and frequently ill-tempered, crying out, Polonius-like: This is too long! Perhaps this is why the audience at the Riverside Studios for the retrospective of 20 years' work by Michael Snow, one of the major figures of avant-garde film, appeared to be composed of devotees, a few adventurous spirits and one disorientated viewer who, having apparently misread the programme of coming events, found herself watching Snow's *Rameau's Nephew,* which at 267 minutes is not perhaps the easiest introduction to avant-garde film, even if there is an intermission comically signalled by what Snow calls a 'pissing duet' in which a nude couple vie in filling two buckets.

What she might have found more accessible was his *Back and Forth* in which the camera, set up in a class-room on some suburban campus, pans for 52 minutes to and fro in a pattern which is varied only by a switch, near the end, from a horizontal motion to a vertical one. Snow's work has been described as phenomenological, which may be taken to mean that the audience is invited to share in a process of analysis or inspection of the way in which the film came about while 'bracketing' questions and assumptions about causation, consequences and other considerations outside the film-process itself. This approach on the part of the film-maker notoriously contains dangers — as is apparent from the work of Snow's imitators — in that once the film-maker's stratagem is apparent its execution can become boringly inevitable. Fortunately, one of Snow's virtues is that of being witty and of knowing how to avoid boredom. A musician — as well as a painter, photographer, sculptor and film-maker — he understands that film, like music, being linear in structure and extended in time, works by arousing expectancy or what he calls 'prophecy' in the audience and that these expectations are either pleasurably fulfilled or pleasurably contradicted. For that reason it is permissible to discuss the film in terms of musical form.

Snow sets up a visual rhythm which is marked by synchronous clapping effects and by variations of tempo from a slow sweep to a rapid scan which causes shapes and colours to distort into abstraction. There are repeats in the shape of film-loops exactly replicating themselves; there is the switch from horizontal to vertical panning which is like an abrupt change of key; there is a coda in which the themes of the film are recapitulated in a *stretto* passage and overlaid on each other. Within this framework there are what one might call episodes marked by the intrusion of human figures: someone cleaning the class-room windows, lovers embracing, a class gathered round a blackboard on which the teacher has drawn a diagrammatic representation of 'back and forth', a couple playing with a ball, two men in a mildly exhibitionistic display of aggression, and a cop who looks impassively in at the camera as it sweeps to and fro. This is a film which gains by viewing and reviewing but even a first sight is formally interesting, sure in its effects, never dull.

The human figure is generally marginalised in Snow's work. In his short *Standard Time,* for instance, the camera, as it swings in arcs round a room, catches a glimpse of a woman in bed and later briefly shows her nude figure in a doorway; but she is no more important than the cat or the tortoise which are also caught by the restless panning motion of the shots.

There is indeed a progressive abandonment of the human subject in his work. Thus, in his early *New York Eye and Far Control,* although the main human figure is a cut-out of a walking woman, there is also a tender scene of a couple making love. In *Wavelength,* however, one of his most celebrated films, which consists of a single long zoom taken over several days but amounting in screen time to 45 minutes, the human figures are entirely incidental to the visual experience of slow movement from the back of a New York loft to the final framing of a photograph of a wave set between the windows which define the room, the shot and the actions of the protagonists. Their marginal activities include the installation of a bookcase, the making of telephone calls, and the act of dying; none of these actions being noticeably more important than any other. The accompanying sound is partly natural synchronous sound, partly electronic sound — a sine wave which rises from its lowest pitch of 50 cycles per second to a peak of 12,000 cycles per second and is, like the photograph of the wave, a punning rebus. 'It is,' Snow explains, 'a total glissando while the film is a crescendo. . . which attempts to utilise the gifts of both prophecy and memory which only music and film have to offer.'

ALL TRACES of human intervention are finally excluded from his long landscape film *La Région Centrale,* which is shot by a remotely controlled camera mounted on a complicated mechanism that allows of tilts, pans, gyrations, Möbius loops, and zooms — all in several planes. The film is an exercise in distancing — a prolonged attack on what has been called the 'pathetic fallacy' whereby we project human emotions on to natural phenomena and landscapes, talking of the 'cruel sea', a 'fierce sun', a 'huddled village'. His aim was ambitious; no less than 'to make a gigantic landscape film equal in terms of film to the great landscape paintings of Cézanne, Poussin, Corot, Manet, Matisse, and, in Canada, the Group of Seven'. His impersonal brush is the camera which describes what it can discern of the landscape as, from the summit of a remote hill, it explores earth and sky over a day and a night. The result, Regina Cornwell claims in her *The Films and Photographs of Michael Snow* (PMA Books £4), illustrates what Robbe-Grillet has written about man's relationship to nature: 'Man looks at the world and the world does not look back at him.' Yet for all his precautions to eliminate any trace of human intervention in the making of the film, Snow himself allows anthropomorphism to creep back by saying of it that 'the frame emphasises the cosmic continuity which is beautiful but tragic; it just goes on without us.'

Snow's most recent major work is *Rameau's Nephew by Diderot (Thanx to Denis Young) by Wilma Schoen,* the last name being an obvious anagram of Snow's own. Here in a reversal of his previous practice there are both human beings — actors and 'real people' — and a great deal of synchronous speech. It is a talking picture in more senses than one, made up of 25 sections or episodes, and concerned with language and logic games, with questions about truth and its verification, with the interplay between reality and appearance and with puns. For example, Snow's hands drum out rhythms in sync sound as water flows in and out of a sink and so changes the pitch of his drumming. One episode is run backwards making the speech unintelligible and then run forwards so that words and sentences emerge instead of a kind of glossolalia. Somewhere in all this there is an intended homage to Diderot, the 18th-century encyclopaedist, the coolly rational, ego-dominated 'I' who composed an imaginary, Rabelaisian conversation with Rameau's sensual and cynical nephew. There is, however, a striking difference which raises important questions such as, in what sense can avant-garde film be called radical?

Peter Wollen has made the point that there are in Europe two avant-gardes, one identified with the Film Co-operatives and their subversion of filmic codes, the other with film-makers like Godard and Straub, whose political engagement is clear. In America, on the other hand, there is only one avant-garde centred on the various Co-ops. Snow belongs firmly to that American avant-garde. His work is 'radical' in its challenge to orthodox film-making and its accepted aesthetic but there is in his films a strong element of anti-humanism which excludes political radicalism. Diderot in his imaginary conversation with Rameau's nephew is concerned not with games of logic or language but with questions of society and how to exist in it. His essay *Des Aveugles* won him a spell in prison for atheistical and subversive thoughts. Michael Snow presents no such challenge to North American society.

Theatre 2

Paul Allen

Pre-Flea

Have You Anything To Declare? by M. A. HENNEQUIN and P. VEBER *Royal Exchange, Manchester*

It is in the middle act that men's trousers start to fall with all the predictability and felicity of April showers in this hitherto unseen (in Britain) French farce. What stands revealed is the usual assortment of long johns, plus a completely unexpected bonus: the ideological ancestry of Mr Norman St John Stevas, decked out in seductively decadent shades of pink and peach with gold trim.

You don't pay for the favours of the lovely Zézé, the Parisian cocotte in whose studio all the leg-wear is being disported; you simply

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buy one of her paintings. These are in fact the work of a feeble old hack who once won the 'Prix de Rome', but the beauty of the scheme is that the pictures actually acquire extra value on the open market because everyone believes them to be the work of a woman. Private patronage rules, and I trust no-one will be so boorish as to recall the derivation of the word 'meretricious'.

Have You Anything To Declare? was famous enough in Feydeau's time for it to be the object of rare homage in *A Flea in Her Ear* which not only makes use of a plot idea but openly admits it. This is the one about the man on his honeymoon, travelling by train from Paris to Brussels, unable to contain his ardour until the first nightfall and the safety of a hotel, interrupted at the crucial moment by a customs officer breaking into his compartment with the double-edged query that forms the title. He returns to Paris, and the bosom of his wife's outraged family, permanently incapacitated — unless Zézé can cure him of the debilitating habit of seeing a vision of the customs officer whenever he gets started.

Hennequin seems to have been the principal author and Veber an old hand he consulted to get the business of writing over more quickly; Hennequin, it seems, dispensed with even the perfunctory attempts to characterise that Feydeau went in for. This play at least is all plot, with the unfortunate hero beset by a lachrymose rival only too ready to dress himself up as a customs officer to reinforce the obsession, in-laws obsessed with the need for grandchildren, a wife impatient to find out about what her novels call the 'dreadful and delicious mystery of love', and a North African camel dealer engaged in a Rabelaisian quest for his errant wife.

With a leavening of Gallic cynicism ('I might deceive my wife but never my fiancée') this is basically Benny Hill country. Feminists may properly object to its assumption that all women need is a good and regular sexual 'seeing to' but the genre is really too shallow to bear such judgments; the authors are no more interested in the men, sex-objects and maybe money-objects themselves, and any such interest would only interfere with the entertainment and I see no call to patronise or sneer at entertainment when we can find it.

But there is a sense of strain about the piece, partly due to its length (the third hour finds us too battered to laugh as much as we might); partly to the involvement of a high-art company like the Royal Exchange, which always smacks of a bishop telling a carefully rehearsed dirty joke to gain popularity in the sergeants' mess; partly to the frantic overkill with which play and production (by Braham Murray, who with Robert Cogo-Fawcett is also credited with adaptation and translation) go for every conceivable gag, from the opening minute: there's no rhythm.

As the hero, Brian Cox doesn't look like the aristocrat he is supposed to be, but his stubby virility makes a better joke of the impotence and he brings a deflated pomposity to the role which makes up for his lack of obvious farce style.

For that we turn more profitably to John Phillips and Dilys Hamlett as his odious in-laws and the agreeable Madeline Smith (as Zézé), whose television light entertainment experience must help massively in this intimate, high speed atmosphere where there are no second chances. Johanna Bryant's set has an appropriately luscious quality.

Films

John Coleman

Worth the Candle?

La Chambre Verte (A) *ICA*
Marigolds in August (A) *Paris Pullman; Phoenix*
Being There (AA) *Odeon, St Martin's Lane*
Boris Barnet Season *NFT from 12 July*

A few years ago François Truffaut was struck by the observation that a moment inevitably comes when one's dead friends seem to outnumber the living. He had also been reading Henry James. The sombre result, scripted by him and Jean Gruault from a couple of James stories, 'The Altar of the Dead' and (less importantly) 'The Beast in the Jungle', was *La Chambre Verte* (1978), a strangely uneven film, magnificent in parts, near-bathetic in others, as if personal stresses and perplexities were pulling the director now this way, now that, during the actual making. That it was of the greatest significance to Truffaut is emphasised not only by his decision to play the central role but by his reason for doing so: 'By appearing in [it] I tried to give the film the intimacy of a handwritten letter.' And yet his performance as Julien Davenne, journalist on a moribund provincial newspaper back in 1928 in eastern France, mourner extraordinary for a beautiful wife who died shortly after their marriage, is so Bressonian in its rigour, so monotone as to keep us at an almost wilful distance from that wished-for 'intimacy'.

Where we *are* allowed to experience a sense of closeness, when the Green Room devoted to photos and portraits and memorabilia of his lost Julie is gutted by fire and he lavishly furnishes a derelict chapel in the nearby cemetery into a madman's shrine, with its forests of flaring candles, and his beloved's images at the centre, then it is a perilous business, a sense rather of embarrassment. For the walls are crowded with pictures felt as precious to Truffaut himself: of Henry James, Oscar Wilde, his cherished Cocteau, Maurice Jaubert (the film's posthumous composer), and even a glimpse of Oskar Werner, described as a dead German soldier.

James said his stories were both about 'poor sensitive gentlemen'. There is a cutting-down to size here. And certainly attempts at perspective are made in *La Chambre Verte:* Julien's prim, oblong spectacles; his prowess at obituaries, his boss's increasing impatience, import a sly humour. His treatment of poor Cécilia (Nathalie Baye), an auctioneer's assistant met over a ring of his wife's come up for sale, stresses the awful sterility of his death-worship; he enlists her as a kind of vestal virgin but cannot return her love, a live thing. The bishop's secretary is at first wary of his plans for the chapel, murmuring 'the Church doesn't much like free-lances'. Julien himself is admitting the exorbitance of his obsession when he angrily has destroyed a life-size wax model of Julie commissioned by him. There is a kind of relentless splendour in the rainy, nocturnal imagery, the constant use of mirrors, glass, a frosted door. Against this, there is the melodrama of the gloomy fellow's swift decline, his recantation too late as he slumps in the chapel, Cécilia's hypnotised lighting of the last candle; and — hardest of all to swallow — the peculiar pictorial homage to people irrelevant to Julien's circumstances. Is Truffaut here suggesting that art is distinct from, higher than life? Or is it misplaced piety, simple self-indulgence?

Ross Devenish filmed Athol Fugard's impassioned *Boesman and Lena,* shown at the Paris Pullman six years ago. Now the same committed team have produced *Marigolds in August,* a work drawn from characters Fugard got to know while living in Schoenmakerskop, a whites-only seaside holiday resort near Port Elizabeth. The focus is a confrontation between black Daan (Winston Ntshona), who trudges six miles to work every day as gardener and odd-job man for different households, and a younger black intruder, Melton (John Kani), desperate to feed his family.

Daan tries to chase him off. Whites are spotted almost entirely through hermetic glass and, when a rough accord is reached between the unbrotherly blacks and Melton goes off to steal from a deserted shop, one of his acts is to sweep a collection of framed family snaps to the floor. The natural surroundings are marvellously speaking; the title refers to a stupidly ill-timed planting-out Daan has been ordered to do ('They'll die, every one,' he scowls — as, indeed, Melton's younger baby has died before he crosses Daan's path); the weakest part, disconcertingly enough, is the philosophic, snake-trapping Coloured mediator, Paulus, played too knowingly by Fugard — or maybe the fault is in over-explicit lines. The true horror is omnipresent, in the scrabbling expedients men force upon men.

Peter Sellers has always been something of an oddball, the man of a thousand voices liable to echo his interlocutor during an interview, a character — if ever there was one — in search of an author. Now we have him in the bland role of the illiterate simpleton Chance, a gardener and compulsive TV-watcher, reared innocent of the outside world in Washington, D.C.

Jerzy Kosinski has actually amplified his 1971 slim novel, or jeu d'esprit, for Hal Ashby's film of *Being There;* and what happens — as Chance's old benefactor dies and he is thrust from his cocoon to be hit by a car, hustled to the estate of its owners (the enormously wealthy Eve and Benjamin Rand) to be patched up, and then hugely *taken* up — is surely a new experience for Sellers, as Chance: the rest of a large cast are asked to play authors in search of a character. For in no time, mistakenly known as Chauncey Gardiner, his every word is hung on, interpreted as proverb, metaphor or straight-from-the-shoulder honesty; dying Ben (Melvyn Douglas) introduces him to Jack Warden's bemused President; he wows the nation on a TV chat show; Eve (delightful, wasted Shirley MacLaine) falls for him. By the end, he looks like being cast as next President. There are several excellent gags en route, but I must confess to cordially loathing the unreal contrivance of it all. Chance's lines have to be improbably set up, pauses unnaturally prolonged, to lend a semblance of satire. It is built around nothing.

Boris Barnet at the NFT must wait till next week.

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Weekend Competition

No 2625 **Set by Frank Shortstraw**

In Christopher Isherwood's new book about his guru he quotes, approvingly, a comment of the Swami's to the effect that 'the nearer you get to the north, the further you are from the south'. We thought it rather a pity that such a fine specimen should be a few years too late for the 'profound-sounding but pointless proverbs' comp, so we're giving it a second run. We've got a record of the winning entries from last time, so no cheating please. Up to ten attempts each by 25 July.

No 2622 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Songs for characters in regular TV or radio series, to be set to tunes from existing musicals.

Report **By Jeff Squiffy**

She Who Must Be Obeyed has graciously allowed me to try to redeem myself on this one, so Mrs Squiffy and I spent a pleasant weekend warbling our way through the entries. I cannot emphasise too strongly that the winners printed below *must* be sung in order to obtain the full effect. I've given you the tune of each, so there can be no excuses. It was, incidentally, gratifying to see that most compers follow the lead of our Poet Laureate in goggling at *Coronation Street* rather than the brutish *Crossroads*. A mouth-watering eight smackers to each successful entrant.

Hilda Ogden's Song
(Tune: 'How Do You Solve A Problem Like Maria?')

'E sits in bed ter scratch 'is 'ead,
'E wants 'is cuppa tea,
'E wants another bacon sandwich brought ter 'im by me,
As far as Stan's concerned, 'e allus gets 'is pints for free —
'e's always sick with summat is our Stanley . . .

'Owjer solve a problem like our Stanley?
'Owjer make him gerra steady job?
There must be fellas manlier than Stanley,
And norra slovenly, stay-at-'ome lazy slob?

Many a time I've talked ter Missis Walker,
Many a time I've asked her for forra sub —
Cause 'owjer save yer pay forra foreign 'oliday,
With nowt burra bucket and brush with which ter scrub?
Eh, 'ow can yer fix a problem like our Stanley?
'Ow can yer fix yer 'air and fix 'is grub?

BILL GREENWELL

Elsie Tanner's Song
(Tune: 'Wonderful Guy')

I expect they'll adjourn to The Rover's Return
For some snide observations on why I romance . . .
And they'll say I deceive, though they know I'm bereaved,
For bitching at Bet when she snatches my chance . . .

I'm sick of being discussed
By folks that know nowt about lu-u-u-ust . . .

I'm as horny as hell for a husband,
Randy, a redhead who's ready for bed,
No need to excuse the expressions I use —
I'm flaming well game to get wed . . .

I've an eye for men like Len Fairclough;
Rita is neater but I've got the style;
I'm not a smart little tart with no heart,
I'm a woman with wonderful guile . . .

WILL BELLENGER

Sue Ellen's song
(Tune: 'Burlington Bertie')

Mah name is Sue Ellen
Mah tale is worth tellin'
Ah married a slob called J R
The family Ewing
So dollar-accruing
Relationshipwise is bizarre.
Illicit coition
Requires no contrition;
Miss Ellie's concern is like Spain's Inquisition-
Ah'm hurt! Hurt!
J R's legal skirt!
No wonder mah mouth droops so far.
While his financial nexus
Controls all of Texas
Mah man's still a slob called J R.

JEAN NORTHAM

Bet Lynch's Song
(Tune: 'My Favourite Things')

Bullies and bullshitters, bums and no-hopers,
Losers and layabouts, dipsoes and dopers;
Smooth-talking phoneys who tell me they're stacked
These are a few of the creeps I attract.

Dead-beats and drop-outs who want me to 'drop 'em',
Wallies and weirdos (dear Christ, how I cop 'em!);
Truculent Geordies and crapulent Micks —
I'm just the girl who will give them their kicks.

When the bells ring, when the lights flash,
When I should re-frain —
I simply forget all the bruises I've earned,
Go arse over tip — a-gain.

Hustlers and hoodlums (I wish I could shop 'em),
They take me and use me (I can't seem to stop 'em);
As sharp as they make 'em, as dumb as they come —
Soon I shall hear I remind them of 'Mum'!

MARTIN FAGG

Starsky and Hutch
(Tune: 'I'm so pretty')

We're so macho,
Oh so macho,
Not a patch, though, on Wimsey or Holmes.
There's the catch, though,
For we're both intellectual gnomes.

See us acting up on your TV screen,
Though our actions serve to confuse.
We are never tripped,
For the killer's slipped,
It is in the script: we can't lose.

We're so charming,
Both so charming,
In disarming each villain we meet.
It's alarming,
That it's still unsafe to walk down the street.

DOMINIC d'ANGELO

Annie Walker's Song
(Tune: 'Eidelweiss')

Graciousness,
Politesse,
(Excuse my airing my French, dear)
Always calm,
Oozing charm,
Though at times I could blench, dear.

Not gin alone, but a certain tone
I stand here dispensing —
Ever-ready, with such as Eddie
For bouts of verbal fencing.

Graciousness,
Politesse —
These are the watchwords I mutter;
Though refined,
Ever kind
To folk straight out of the gutter.

IAN KELSO

Ron Butlin

Piccadilly: a final entertainment

Having travelled beyond the promised land,
I outdistanced sunlight by the shortest time
it takes to pass through Eden.

Not wishing to sleep in the streets I built a palace
quite invisible to passers-by. It stretched from here
to here and was made of white noise,
neon and uncertainty.

The statue of a young boy worked in shit-layered bronze, a local god perhaps,
stood in the palace gardens;
at a glance, a handclasp or a casual remark
boy-priests smeared themselves with his divinity
before entering paradise again.

Evangelists, the narcotic intimates of a dozen
other deities, arose each evening
showed me their wounds and preached
immortality for as long as they could.

In my palace I lived the high life.
— whenever I breathed the same stale air as other sorcerers
I met gods and goddesses,
each who claimed me for their own.

Yet sunlight sticks fast to me
— it discolours the courtyards and lawns.
Hammered scaffolding implodes into me
— I watch the play of light and tone
on paper-skin stretched
tight across lips and wrists and skulls.

As a final entertainment I will conjure darkness
to be lit by my familiars.
together we shall enter paradise as ghosts:
— as a final entertainment we shoot to kill.

Tony Miles

Chess

No 188 **A tough opponent**

The Swede, Ulf Andersson, is generally regarded as being one of the hardest people to beat in international chess. His ultra-cautious style, never creating the slightest unnecessary weakness or taking any avoidable risk, can often be exploited to save bad positions but to beat him is another matter entirely. Before this year I had only succeeded once, and that in rather dubious fashion. However, at London, I finally managed to produce a good game against him — on my birthday as it happened — and at Las Palmas the bubble was well and truly burst.

White: A.J. Miles **Black: U. Andersson**

1.P-KN3. I like this move. In these days when the average club player knows his pet line of the Sicilian or King's Indian to move thirty it is nice to be able to

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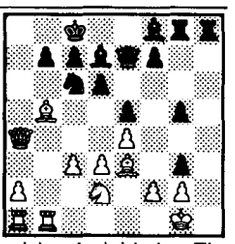
start play on the first move. Of course it can transpose to regular openings but even then you usually gain ten minutes. **1 . . . P-QB4; 2.B-N2. N-QB3; 3.N-KB3, P-KN3; 4.P-B3** heading for what is commonly considered to be a drawing variation, but I have great faith that White can keep an edge and have proved it many times. **4 . . . B-N2; 5.P-Q4, PxP; 6.PxP, P-Q4.** At London, a month earlier, we reached a similar position but with . . . N-KB3 instead of N-QB3. Then I continued 7.N-K5! (Note 7.0-0(?), 0-0; 8.N-K5 is ineffective owing to 8 . . . N-N5! but now 7 . . . N-N5? fails to 8.Q-R4ch. Doubtless delaying 0-0 is not original but I am sure its importance is not widely recognised.) 7 . . . 0-0; 8.N-B3, P-K3; 9.B-N5, P-KR3; 10.B-B4, KN-Q2; 11. Q-Q2, NxN; 12.BxN, N-B3; 13. BxB, KxB; 14.0-0 with a small advantage. After 14 . . . Q-B3; 15.QR-Q1, R-Q1; 16.KR-K1! (almost zugzwang!), K-R2; 17.P-K4, PxP; 18.NxP, Q-N2; 19.Q-B4, P-B4 (. . . P-KN4; 20.N-B6ch, K-R1; 21.Q-B3, NxP; 22.RxN, RxR; 23.N-R5, Q-N3; 24.Q-B3, Q-Q6; 25.Q-B5, K-N1; 26.N-B6ch, K-N2; 27.N-K8ch, K-N1; 28.Q-K5 is fun), 20.P-Q5! it turned into a big one. **7.N-B3, P-K3.** Now 7 . . . N-B3; 8.N-K5! is known to give an edge — there is no good way to avoid a backward c-pawn. **8.B-B4.** White must play accurately. If Black gets in KN-K2-B4 quickly then P-K3 will be forced and White will have nothing. **8 . . . KN-K2; 9.Q-Q2! 0-0.** The point is that . . . N-B4 is met by 10.N-N5! 0-0; 11.P-KN4! and White keeps an initiative. **10.B-R6.** I considered 10.P-KN4!? but decided to play quietly. Ulf doesn't like having his good bishops exchanged! **10 . . . BxB; 11.QxB, N-B4; 12.Q-Q2, P-N3; 13.QR-Q1.** A useful semi-waiting move. **13 . . . B-R3; 14.P-KR4!** The real plan. **14 . . . N-R4??** A terrible, perhaps even the losing move. Not so much that it ignores the kingside but that it gives away control over K4. It may seem hard to believe but Black will never get time to retrieve this knight.

Instead Black should consider . . . P-B3 (Petrosian) but 15.B-R3 gives an edge, . . . Q-B3 (probably safest) or . . . R-B1. Note, however, that . . . P-R4 is dubious — White continues with 15.Q-B4 followed by either B-R3 or P-KN4 according to Black's reply. **15.P-K4, N-Q3.** The problem is that 15 . . . N-B5 allows 16.Q-Q3 threatening 17.P-N3. **16.P-R5.** Crude but effective. **16 . . . Q-B3; 17.PxP!** The correct time for the exchange. Black has an unpleasant decision. **17 . . . BPxP.** If 17 . . . RPxP; 18.P-N5! and if . . . Q-N2; 19.Q-B4 followed by N-K5-Q7/N4-B6 or Q-K2; 19 Q-B4! (intending Q-R2), K-N2; 20.Q-K5ch, P-B3; 21.NXP! wins. **18.Q-R6, R-B2.** Alternatively (a) . . . Q-N2; 19.QxQch, KxQ; 20.KN-N5; (b) . . . Q-B2; 19.Q-R4! and N-N5; (c) . . . Q-K2; 19.N-K5 intending NxNP or NxQP. **19.P-N5! Q-N2.** If . . . Q-B5; 20.R-R4! Q-B4; 21.B-R3 wins and . . . Q-K2; 20.N-K5, R-N2/B1; 21.NxQP is curtains. **20.N-K5, QxQ.** If . . . R-N2; 21.P-K4! or . . . R(2)-B1; 21.NxQP! QxQ; 22.N-K7ch. **21.RxQ, R(2)-B1; 22.N-Q7, R-B2; 23.N-B6ch, K-R1; 24.B-R3!** Useful, preventing . . . N-B4 from gaining a tempo. Now if . . . R-K2; 25.BxP! Or . . . N-B4; 25.BxN, NPxB; 26.K-Q2! N-B5ch; 27.K-B1, R-QB1; 28.R(1)-R1, R(8)-B2; 29.N-K8! and P-N6 wins. So there is only one, albeit ugly, move. **24 . . . B-B1; 25.K-Q2!** threatening simply R-R1, BxP and RxPch mating. **25 . . . R-N2; 26.P-B4, R-QN1; 27.R-KR1, N(4)-B5ch; 28.K-Q3 (!) R(1)-N2; 29.P-N3, N-R6.** N-R4 makes no difference. **30.P-K4!** The final assault. **30 . . . PxPch; 31.QNxP, NxN; 32.KxN, N-N4.** If . . . QR-QB2 still 33.K-K5! eg . . . B-N2; 34.R-R2, R-B8; 35.B-B5! R-K8ch; 36.B-K4 winning. **33.K-K5!** Stops . . . N-Q3 and threatens P-Q5. **33 . . . QR-K2; 34.B-B1!** Resigns. There is no answer to B-Q3.

Problem 188

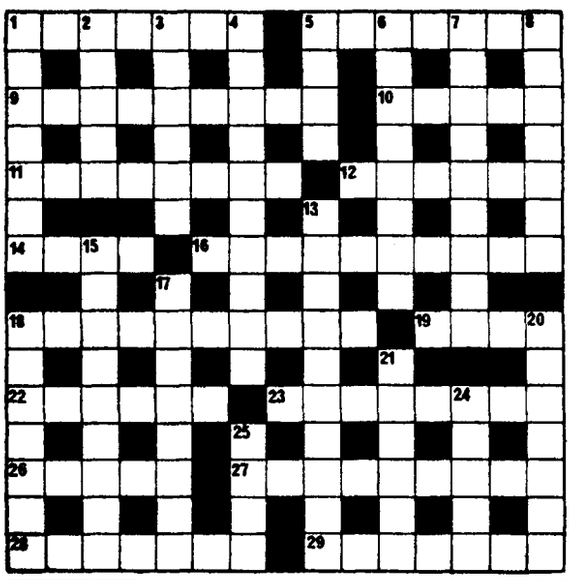
White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 23 July.



Solution to problem 186. 1 . . . PxN! 2.PxP, RxPch! seizing the initiative. The game concluded 3.PxR, B-R5ch; 4.K-Q2, N-B5ch; 5.K-B1, Q-N4; 6.RxB, Qx-Pch; 7.R-Q2, Q-K8ch; 8.Q-Q1, QxR; 9.QxP, PxP; 10.R-N2, Q-R3ch; 11.K-B2, R-KB1 resigns.

Weekend Crossword 1349

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1349, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 22 July.



ACROSS

1 Is cautious when insects are about to fight (7)
5 If he lost his head, the bishop would still have the edge (7)
9 Bird which discovers its food on the ground (9)
10 Drink makes one start seeing company double (5)
11 The made up tart performs and is alluring (8)
12 Vehicle which is all right carrying one in the opposite of skill (6)
14 Formerly appearing in concert (4)
16 Climb a tree for a member of a quartet (10)
18 Trains once in a new style and boxes (10)
19 ' —, two lips, indifferent red' *(Twelfth Night)* (4)
22 A loud attack makes one scared (6)
23 Loosen up when surrounded by drink, looking more cocky (8)
26 Extraordinary toils for conductor (5)
27 Copying one before getting married without it (9)
28 Rain indicators (7)
29 They weigh the same even without me (7)

DOWN

1 'He thought he saw a — Upon the chimney-piece' (Carroll) (7)
2 Product of a western summer? (5)
3 Freshly depict two descriptions of meat (6)
4 The place to begin on the South Coast? (5,5)
5 More sanctimonious in the sea? (4)
6 The traitor is caught before a disturbance (8)
7 Recorder has one after four in main street (9)
8 Come out and in France a title is given back (7)
13 Begging for sustenance when without means of providing the rent (10)
15 Change at control to provide the voice (9)
17 I come in to spoil a period by the sea (8)
18 Part of a car for boy and girl (7)
20 Images make one lose one's temper in writing (7)
21 Assembly which might take place in Ibadan (6)
24 Expression of one unperceptive about nothing (5)
25 Men appear before these hollows in hills (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salmanca 31

J	U	M	B	O	M	E	R	M	A	N	S			
S	P	O	R	T	Y	J	A	U	N	C	E			
P	A	L	E	T	T	E	K	N	I	F	E			
U	N	E	V	E	H	G	I	N	L	I	D			
D	I	M	E	R	O	U	S	I	N	N	S			
O	S	M	A	N	L	I	H	O	L	S	T			
M	H	O	R	R	O	D	O	N	A	T	A			
E	A	R	D	A	G	E	N	T	I	A	L			
T	D	P	E	S	Y	P	I	H	E	L	K			
R	H	Y	N	C	H	O	N	E	L	L	A			
I	P	E	C	A	C	S	E	M	S	E	M			
C	S	T	Y	L	E	T	S	E	E	D	Y			

Prizewinners to Salamanca 31

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FEMALE LECTURER, 39, stable, humorous, interests include cinema/theatre/music/ sport seeks warm, lively male, (pref. academic), 30-45. London. Box 8857.

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HANDSOME DOCTOR, West End flat, sports car, wishes to meet sincere, non-smoking, attractive, intelligent lady, 28-32. Box 8891.

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INTELLECTUALLY INCLINED, *fit, virile,* presentable older man, invites curiosity of youngish, smallish, unfettered, attractive woman, to discover mutual charisma and possible shared living pattern. Concern for environment, love of animals, interest in opera, literature, travel, open air and conservation all help. So does sense of mischief. Box 8919.

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SURREY LECTURER, single, needs lady friend, 35-55. Will phone CV. Box 8854.

SINCERE WOMAN, late 30s, with daughter aged 10, reasonably attractive, enjoys conversation, books, travel, walks and has interesting job. Mobile, living Avon wishes to meet good-natured, thoughtful man of diverse interests, to share and enjoy things with. Box 8897.

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WOMAN, 38, not unattractive, interests London, theatre, music, arts in general, seeks friendship with man who enjoys life and sex. Box 8930.

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE Royal Shakespeare Company 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332. cc 379 6233 (10-6, Sats 10-4). Until 26 July Dickens' 'Nicholas Nickleby' 'Wonderful! The RSC has produced the most marvellous piece of theatre' D. Mail. RSC also at The Warehouse in Willy Russell's 'Educating Rita' (until 25 July) 'a comedy of most refreshing humour and humanity . . . a delightful, funny and perceptive evening' E. News, and O'Neill's 'Anna Christie' (until 22 July) 'Gripping' F. Times. RSC also at The Piccadilly Theatre (until 16 Aug) in Hart & Kaufman's 'Once In A Lifetime' and Pam Gems' 'Piaf'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Buried Child' by Sam Shepard. Dir. Nancy Meckler. Des. Gemma Jackson, with Julie Covington, Marty Cruickshank, Philip Davis, Neil Johnston, Stephen Rea, John Rogan, Tony Rorh. Eves 8 p.m. Sats 4.30 p.m. & 8 p.m.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'Amadeus', 'Sisterly Feelings', 'The Elephant Man', 'A Lesson from Aloes'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

NEW END. 794 0238. 'Letters Home' by Rose L. Goldemberg, based on Sylvia Plath's 'Letters Home'. Tues-Suns 8 p.m.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Derek Jarman's 'The Tempest' (AA) 2.55, 5.05, 7.15, 9.25.

Meetings

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. 'Problems Besetting the Trade Unions in the '80s' by Terry Duffy. Wed. 16 July 7.30 p.m. Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. All welcome. Contact: Helen Price 870 2233 (office hrs).

HUMAN RIGHTS: What Can Be Done Now? Conference at Polytechnic of North London, 20 & 21 September 1980. Details from H.G. Wells Society, 24 Wellin Lane, Edwalton, Nottingham.

KHALIL MAHSHI MOSHE MACHOVER will speak on the current situation in Palestine at the inaugural meeting of London Friends of Palestine. Monday 14 July 7-9 p.m. Africa Centre, King St, WC2. All welcome.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT under the Tories. Day Conference Saturday 19 July. Chair, Andy Hawkins. Speakers: Stewart Lansly, David Lipsey, Roy Shaw, Geoffrey Drain, Roy Hattersley. Africa Centre, 36 King Street, WC2. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Tickets £2.50 (£1.50 members) Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. 01-222 8877.

POALE ZION, Labour Zionist Movement Rally. What is the EEC (and British Government) up to? Peace prospects after the Venice summit. Guest speakers include: Peter Shore MP (Shadow Foreign Secretary), John Tomlinson (former Minister, Foreign Office), Maurice Miller MP, Wed. 16 July 8.15 p.m., Hillel House, 1-2 Endsleigh St., London WC1. For further information: 01-586 4433.

SHAW'S CORNER Ayot St Lawrence, Herts. Saturday & Sunday 19 & 20 July, 6.15 p.m. The Shaw Society's Birthday Tribute to GBS. Studio '68 of Theatre Arts, London, presents Heather Chasen as 'Great Catherine' with Robert Henderson as Prince Patiomkin. Directed by Ellen Pollock. Preceded by Ellen Pollock and Co. in excerpts from 'Far Fetched Fables' with Geoffrey Norman. Admission £1 Concessions 60p. Refreshments. For details of Sunday coach: Telephone Miss Doe 01-428 2735.

SOCIALIST PARTY OF GT BRITAIN Socialist Forum – Any Questions? Socialism / Politics / Economics. Panel of speakers. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Monday 14 July at 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamplets, book list, programme. Wed. 16 July 8pm. Informal Q/A Meeting: 'Reincarnation and Karma'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries: 06285 26464.

WORLD DISARMAMENT: Can we achieve it? Brig. Michael Harbottle, World Disarmament Campaign, Mgr Bruce Kent, CND. UNA meets Tuesday 15 July, Westminster Cathedral Conference Centre, 7.15 p.m. All welcome.

Conference

IMPERIALISM IN THE EIGHTIES
REVOLUTIONARY COMMUNIST TENDENCY INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE
5/6/7 SEPTEMBER 1980

Post War stability established under the domination of U.S. Imperialism is giving way to a new battle to redivide the world. **Imperialism in the Eighties** will discuss the present tendencies and assess their significance for the working class.

For further information, agenda, venue write to

Helen Swift, (A.B.) BM RCT London WC1V 6XX or ring 01-274 3951
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In 1980 Awards totalling £10,000 were made.

In 1981 it is hoped to publish a
GREGORY ANTHOLOGY
of poems selected from the entries.

A candidate must be British by birth, under the age of 30 and may submit a published or unpublished collection of Belles-Lettres, Poetry or Drama-Poems (not more than 30).

Closing date: **31 October 1980**

Details from:

Awards Secretary,
THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS,
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GEORGE ORWELL memorial prize

For the fifth year of the **George Orwell Memorial Prize, Penguin Books Ltd.**, are offering an award of £750. The award will be given for an article, essay or a series of articles commenting on current cultural, social or political issues anywhere in the world.

The work must have been published in the UK, in a newspaper, periodical or pamphlet in the preceding year. For the 1980 award any article or pamphlet which appeared in 1979 will be eligible. The judges will be looking for originality, literary merit and expressive power.

The winner of the 1979 award was Christopher Ricks for his article **GEOFFREY HILL AND "THE TONGUE'S ATROCITIES"** first published in *THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.*

The following have agreed to serve on the panel of judges this year:
LORD BOYLE (chairman) DAN JACOBSON
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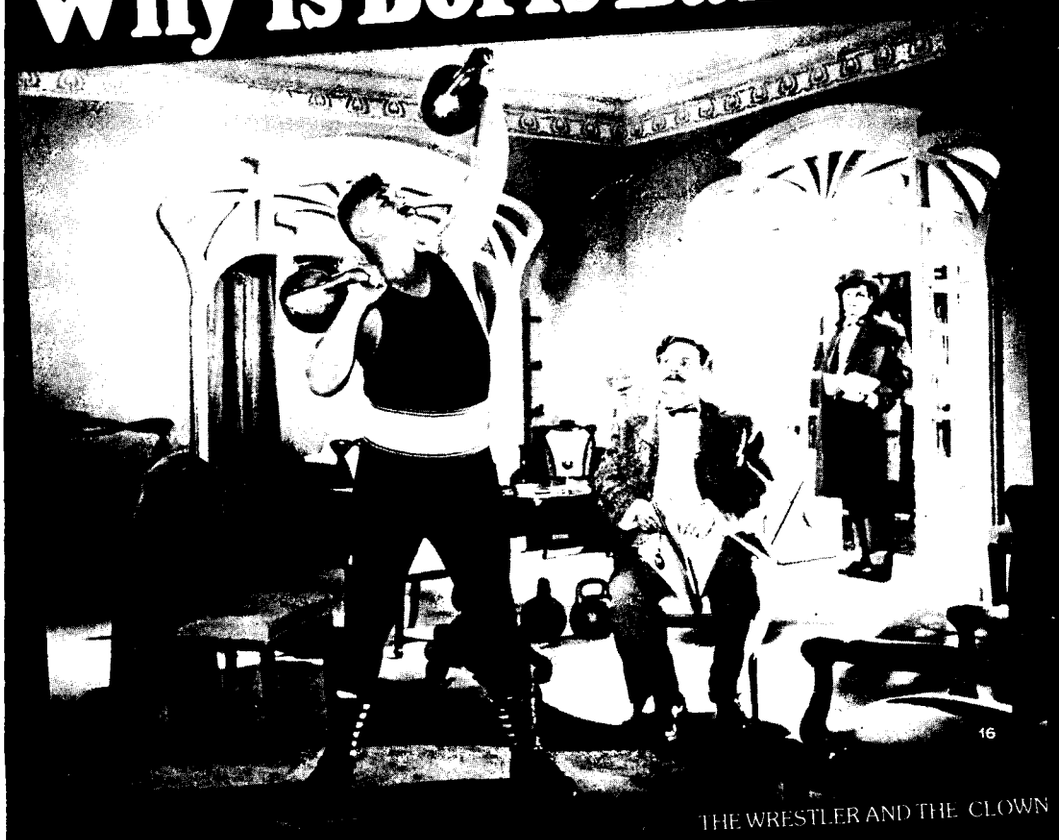
Submissions should be sponsored either by the editor of the publication in which the article appeared, or by the organisation which commissioned the pamphlet. No entry will be considered unless it is so sponsored.

The closing date for receipt of entries is 8 August 1980. The National Book League has now taken over the administration of the George Orwell Memorial Prize. All entries should be addressed to Barbara Buckley, National Book League, Book House, 45 East Hill, London SW18 2QZ.

Why is Boris Barnet important?



THE WRESTLER AND THE CLOWN

The answer will become clear in July at the National Film Theatre, when the first British retrospective of his work will be held. Barnet's career extends from the 1920s to the 1960s and he developed a method somewhat reminiscent of American narrative directors like Hawks, McCarey and La Cava, revealing a quirky sense of humour, a great love for his characters (especially the women), a playful visual sense which points up jokes and situations to full effect and, when necessary, a strongly defined dramatic awareness. He doesn't belong to any particular school but he developed a personal style quite apart from his more well known Soviet contemporaries. Ranging from the splendid adventure serial MISS MEND to the loving period re-creation of THE WRESTLER AND THE CLOWN, these are definitely films to be enjoyed. See them from July 12 – 27th. Also at the NFT in July, Part 5 of the massive MGM Season.

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